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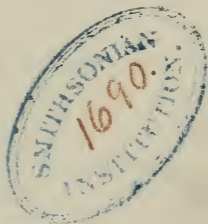
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
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CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS,

OR

THE TRIUMPHS OF GRACE

IN THE ARMY.



PHILADELPHIA :
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

1847.

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PREFACE.



THE following work is chiefly compiled from a volume published by the London Religious Tract Society, entitled "The Church in the Army," by the Rev. William Innes, of Edinburgh. The following extracts from the original preface exhibit its end and object. It will be perceived that most of these signal triumphs of Divine grace, occurred in the British army. We have added a few instances from the American army, which show that the same

grace is sufficient for all, and produces the same effects on all.—*Ed. Pres. Board of Publication.*

“ It is pleasing to reflect, that amidst all the dangers, in a spiritual point of view, connected with a military life, there are to be found in the army, those whose Christian character, to say the least, would stand a comparison with that of any other class. Indeed, it may be reasonably expected, that the Christian profession of such should be of a higher standard than that of others, as half measures will not do in their situation. They must manfully take their ground. Decision is essentially necessary to meet the opposition which they are almost constantly called to encounter.

“ While such a publication as the present, shows the variety of instruments by

which our Divine Redeemer brings individuals to the knowledge of himself, it may also be of advantage in suggesting to some, certain means of usefulness within their reach, of which they have not previously thought of availing themselves, from their not being properly aware of their efficacy. If this should be the result of such examples of the power of Divine grace being made known, the publication of them will not be in vain.

“ One case will be found in the following pages, in which an officer, whose attention had been directed to the Bible, was much discouraged, from being for years ignorant of the fact, that others had discovered the same truths in that book that he had himself. In so far as this publication may be known, there will be no room for a similar discouragement in future. Neither officer nor private in the army will be left to imagine that he stands alone.

He will have all the encouragement to steadfastness which can arise from knowing that not a few, even in his own profession, hold the same principles, and are animated by the same spirit with himself.”

THE
CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

THE PERUSAL OF A TRACT ACCOMPANIED
WITH A SIGNAL BLESSING.

HAVING heard some years ago, from an esteemed Christian friend, now in extensive practice in the medical profession, an account of a remarkable effect produced by reading a tract, on the mind of a young officer, I requested of him to give it to me in writing. To this request I received the following reply :—

Of my old respected friend, Lieutenant R., I cannot tell you much, so many years have elapsed since he entered into glory, and I never have committed to paper any memoranda of his short, though most satis-

factory, passage from the kingdom of darkness to that of light and immortality. It was about the year 1812, that, in the discharge of my professional duties, I was requested to attend on Lieutenant R., who was the subject of severe but transient disease. I had been struck by the personal appearance and honourable conduct of this young officer. I think I never knew a handsomer man of twenty-five, one of more pleasing manners, or more gentlemanly feelings. He was universally beloved and respected ; and, for these circumstances, his company was so generally sought after, that he became devoted to all the follies and unsatisfying pursuits of pleasure, falsely so called. On recovering his usual degree of health, he called on me, to request that I would report him off the sick list, and, at the same time, tendered me some pecuniary acknowledgment for my professional services, stating that he had been accustomed to remunerate my predecessor. My answer was, of course, that which Christian principle and integrity would suggest to any honest man paid by his country.

This seemed to strike Lieutenant R., and

he exclaimed, with an oath, " Doctor, there must be something more than I thought in you methodists!" I give you his own words.

Early in the afternoon of that day, he called at my apartments with a ticket for the theatre, and which, I know, he could only have obtained by paying an exorbitant price, there being two celebrated performers from London that night, which, for some days previously, had raised the box tickets to four times their ordinary value. On his presenting it to me, I expressed my sense of obligation for his intended favour, but told him that neither my principles nor inclination would permit me to use it. Being in the act of arranging some tracts, I put into his hand, **THE DEATH OF ALTAMONT**, a tract published by the Religious Tract Society, merely observing to him, " As you seem so anxious to confer an obligation on me, put this little book into your pocket, and read it to oblige me."

He left me to dress for the theatre, to which place he went early to secure a seat. He sat in a corner box, and as he afterwards told me, merely to pass away some

part of the previous time before the play began, he took the tract from his pocket, and began to read it. So signal and mighty were the operations of the Spirit of God on his mind, that he became wholly and exclusively absorbed in the contents of the tract, and at the termination of the play, after midnight, he left the theatre without having felt the slightest interest in the performances. To use his own words, "Conscience was the only performer before me that night."

It was about three o'clock in the morning, that after having, on his return from the theatre, thrown himself undressed on his bed, and in vain attempted to drown the voice of God in oblivion, he came over to my apartments, and loudly knocking at the door, requested to be admitted. As long as memory retains her seat, I can never forget his haggard looks and his tremulous voice. With a look of despair, and in a manner which seemed to carry with it a conviction of irretrievable ruin, he exclaimed, "Tell me, oh ! tell me, is it possible that I can obtain mercy and forgiveness from the offended God of Altamont ? Tell me, oh ! tell me, if you really

think I possibly can !” Hastily dressing myself, we sat together on the sofa ; he, in a state of restless agony, which expressed itself in incessant weeping and wringing of the hands, reiterating again and again the question he had just put to me. I at once led him to the throne of grace ; wrestled along with him, that He would reveal himself in all his mighty, enlightening, and consolatory power, who ever lives to save to the uttermost all who come to God by him. Whilst on our knees, I brought before him the boundless mercy of Jehovah, and the freeness and fulness of that salvation, which whosoever will may receive without money and without price ; and it was worth living for, to witness the eagerness with which he listened to the simple tale of redeeming love, and the glad tidings of free and full salvation by faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. The same day and night he scarcely tasted food or took any rest, and no drowning man could more vehemently call for assistance, nor any famishing man more greedily devour the means of support, than he sought for warrant in the promises of the gospel, to lay hold of the hope there set before him.

In a few days, it pleased God to enable him to cast himself, as a ruined, helpless sinner, into the arms of Jesus; and I can never forget the expression of his countenance, pale and languid as it was with groaning and cries, which had been his meat day and night, when, on entering his room early on the fourth morning, it became almost illuminated with tears of sacred joy, and he exclaimed, "I have found him whom my soul loveth, the Friend of sinners, who his own self says, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' Look at it; do look at it in this precious book which you gave me;" at the same moment holding up a New Testament, which was to him the pearl of great price. I had, on the preceding day, directed his attention to the following passages of Scripture, among several others: Luke ii. 10; John iii. 14—17; vi. 37; Rom. x. 4; 1 Tim. i. 15; Heb. vii. 25; 1 John i. 9; ii. 1, 2. He had committed these, and many other passages of holy writ, to memory, and dwelt on them with indescribable satisfaction.

From this hour, having credited the simple declarations of truth, he went on his

way rejoicing, knowing in whom he had believed, and that he would keep that which he had committed to his trust, to the solemn hour when he should be called to appear at the dread tribunal of a righteous God, where inflexible justice would be satisfied with nothing short of that robe which hides and cancels all our sins.

Within a month, he was called to embark with his regiment for the West Indies ; and scarcely had he reached that unhealthy climate, even before disembarking, when it pleased God, in his mysterious providence, to arrest him by yellow fever, and in a few days to call him to the realms of perfect purity and bliss. On the day preceding his embarkation, he supplied himself liberally with Bibles and tracts, for distribution to all on board, and his separation from me was one which may be imagined, but which I dare not trust myself to describe. I was to hear from him on his arrival at Jamaica ; but the first account of him was an official report of his death ; and this was soon followed by the return of his faithful confidential servant man, who told me, with the deepest sorrow, that after a sudden attack of fever,

which deprived him of his reason, he recovered his consciousness, and requested the presence of all his brother officers, to whom, in his expiring moments, he preached Christ crucified as the only refuge from the wrath to come, and the only source of solid happiness. During this time he held in his quivering hand the identical tract that he had received from me before going to the theatre, and with this messenger of mercy, grasped more firmly as life fled, he expired, amid the lamentations of those who esteemed him as a man and an officer, and was buried with the tract pressed to his heart.

The first observation that naturally occurs on perusing this very interesting narrative, is, that it contains one of the most striking illustrations of the doctrine of the influence of the Spirit of God on the human soul. This is clearly a doctrine of revelation. But here is a simple statement of facts which cannot be at all accounted for on any other principle. There was nothing in the natural disposition, no previous tendency of the mind to religion, or a religious melancholy, by which this

singular, sudden, and complete change could at all be explained. Those, then, who, when they see an effect produced, naturally look for a cause, will find themselves, we are convinced, completely at a loss to account for this wonderful mental revolution that occurred in the history of this young officer; unless they are prepared to ascribe it to that cause which is so distinctly mentioned in the Scripture as the origin of every such change, that mighty power wherewith the Lord works in the hearts of them that believe, Eph. i. 19. Let us reflect with gratitude, that if we need the aid of almighty power to subdue our evil propensities, and to bring our souls into a state of conformity to the will of God, in proportion to the importance of such a blessing, is the freeness with which it is promised. The promise is without limitation as to any distinction of character; "Your heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him," Luke xi. 13.

This narrative also furnishes the highest encouragement to endeavour to promote the spiritual benefit of those around us. What a signal blessing accompanied the

giving of this tract ! Amidst the many discouragements which those who avail themselves of this mode of usefulness may meet with, surely one such example as this would more than compensate the labours and disappointments of a lifetime. How high was the honour conferred on my friend, in being thus the instrument of bringing one erring fellow mortal into the path that leads to everlasting life !

Nor can we pass this very signal instance of the triumphs of Divine grace, without admiring the beautiful adaptation of the gospel of Christ to the state and wants of man as a sinner. Our Divine Redeemer waits to be gracious. He is standing ready with his healing balm to pour upon the heart of the wounded sinner. While we admire the simplicity with which the writer of the foregoing letter stated the gospel to his friend, when, feeling the alarms of an awakened conscience, he trembled under a sense of his danger ; it gives us pleasure to record such a case, as it presents at once to every reader the only ground of hope to any of our fallen race. We find a great variety in the shades of human character ; but let it never

be forgotten, that, amidst them all, it is the testimony of unerring truth on the one hand, that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God ; and that it is equally so on the other, that, while Jesus is “ the way, the truth, and the life,” and no man cometh to the Father but by him, we are as distinctly assured that, him that cometh to him he will in no wise cast out, John xiv. 6 ; vi. 37. May every reader possess that peace and joy in which Lieutenant R., after he knew the gospel lived, and in which at last he died.

CAPTAIN PAGE.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LATE CAPTAIN PAGE,
WHO DIED AT MONGHYR, IN BENGAL,
AUGUST 31, 1829.

THE following account is extracted from a volume, published at Calcutta, by the Rev. Andrew Leslie, missionary at Monghyr. It is entitled, "Memoirs and Remains of Henry Edwin Page, late a Captain in the Service of the Honourable East India Company, and Fort-adjutant at Monghyr."

Captain Page's fascinating manners in the days of his gaiety, and at the same time, the little satisfaction which at that period he enjoyed, are thus described:—

By the whole of his brother officers, Captain Page was esteemed and beloved. Naturally of a social disposition, he was at all their parties; and liberally endowed with cheerfulness, and with wit of the most genuine kind, and having a fund of

anecdotes which he had the power of telling well, he not only made himself entertaining, but was the life of all their companies. But it was the talent he possessed of both writing and reciting poetry, that rendered him peculiarly interesting. With a keen sense of the beauties of this species of composition, and with a tenacious memory for its recollection, and with a voice finely adapted for its recitation, no person with any thing like taste, could help being charmed with his society.

His society was accordingly much sought for. Wherever he went, he afforded delight. Courted and caressed, his life was gay and brilliant; and if felicity consists in being universally beloved, he must have been happy. But this was not the case. His pleasures were comparatively those of a moment only, and were not calculated to rest at the point of innocence. They carried him farther. They led him, according to their undeviating tendency, into scenes, and into the commission of acts, little adapted to produce peace of mind. He was oftentimes secretly ashamed of himself, covered with confusion in his soul, loathing his very being, and, like Colonel

Gardiner, when in similar circumstances, ready to envy the life of a dog.

Having visited Penang, for the recovery of his health, he experienced a singular preservation before he returned to Barrackpore. This, with the account of his marriage, is thus mentioned :—

After having determined on leaving Penang, only a few hours before the ship sailed, a gentleman at the station, knowing his pitiable circumstances, invited him to a residence, for a season, in his house. He, though his passage was taken, instantly complied; and the ship sailed without him. But whither she went no one knows. She never reached her intended port, and has not been heard of since. It is supposed that she must have foundered somewhere in the straits of Malacca. Often did Captain Page speak, with strong emotions of gratitude to God, of this signal deliverance; and often was he accustomed to say, that had he been, at that period of his history, drowned, he must have been ruined for ever. It was only a few weeks before his death, that he recounted to the writer of these lines the particulars of this event, as well as several other remarkable

instances of the goodness of God to him in life.

After residing some time at Penang, and visiting Bombay, he returned, with his health very little improved, to his regiment, in 1811. Here, notwithstanding the recent interposition of Providence, in saving him from a watery grave, he continued to traverse the same thoughtless round of gaieties and amusements as formerly. Tired, however, with some things in his life, he resolved to enter into the marriage state, which he did, in 1812, with a daughter of the late Colonel Morgan; a lady who, with seven interesting children, lives to lament his loss. But his mind was, as yet, unchanged. He still attended the theatre and ball-room, and, to the distress of Mrs. Page, consumed his time and his property at the table of the gamester. He, though perfectly convinced that earthly pleasures could not confer felicity, still desired them with greediness. Mrs. Page, deprived of his society, was left by herself to pine away at home; and though she would sometimes entreat him, with tears, to desist, and though he would sometimes promise to do so, yet he fell a victim to the

next temptation. It is almost needless to observe, that, under such circumstances, there could be, comparatively, little domestic comfort. Peace fled away; union of heart ceased to exist. And this must ever be the case, where a husband seeks society and pleasures of such a stamp, and seeks them, too, from home. These are the things that never fail to destroy the comforts of that state, which was intended by God to be the means of an increase of happiness to all.

The circumstances which led to that change of principles which he so conspicuously exhibited in after life, are thus described:—

The time, however, came when Captain Page was to become the subject of impressions sufficiently powerful to lead him to enter, as it were, upon a new state of existence, and to turn all his peculiar energies into a new direction. The circumstances that led to this change were of a character calculated to affect an intelligent and feeling mind. He himself, it should here be observed, had spent the first period of his life among pious friends; and an introduction now, after the lapse of at least ten

years, into a religious circle, must have tended to excite many recollections, and to revive many lessons of his early days. His regiment was at this time, (1814,) stationed at Dinapore. One of the ladies of the mission family, then residing in that neighbourhood, the wife of the late Rev. J. Rowe, of Digah, being seriously ill, was kindly attended by the surgeon of the regiment to which Captain Page belonged. In his visits to this chamber of sickness, Captain Page was frequently his companion. Mrs. Rowe was an interesting woman. She was of a peculiarly meek and sweet disposition. "Knowing," says one that knew her well, "that in the midst of life she was in death, she made it the great business of her life to consider her latter end. She delighted much in meditating on, and conversing about her great change. Many of her sleepless hours were occupied in talking of those glories which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive, but which God hath prepared for those that love him. She was never so happy as when she had her conversation in heaven, from whence, also, she looked for the

Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus she enjoyed a continual weanedness from the world; and although she was often the subject of doubts and fears, she would look forward with a joyful expectation to the period when her Lord would come. Exhibiting, during her illness, the utmost degree of placidity, there was nothing in her appearance, though in the last stage of her existence, calculated to make her room a gloomy apartment to any mind." Captain Page delighted to accompany his friend, Dr. Spilsbury, to this abode. He was struck with wonder at the sight of Mrs. Rowe. He loved to gaze upon her calm countenance, and to be a witness of her meek deportment and address. Occasionally, however, while his friend was within, he remained without, and sometimes spent the interval in conversation with the Rev. W. Moore, who, at that time, occupied the house adjoining Mr. Rowe's. In one of these interviews, he flippantly, but, no doubt, good naturedly and generously enough, offered to Mr. Moore a ticket for the evening's theatre. The refusal was what he might have expected; but he did

not, probably, anticipate the serious remarks with which it was to be accompanied. He kindly listened to what was said, and never forgot it. What train of reflections now passed through his mind is not known. His heart, however, seems to have been touched by the Divine Spirit. And, as a proof that this was the case, he went on the following Sabbath for the first time, to the mission chapel, in which Mr. Moore and Mr. Rowe usually preached; and then not only commenced a regular attendance himself, but endeavoured to bring in company with him as many friends as he could.

“A word spoken in due season, how good is it! A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting.” Visiting at the sick chamber of Mrs. Rowe, and particularly the remarks made to him by Mr. Moore relative to the theatre, seem to have been the principal means of awakening him to serious thought. Were all who profess Christianity to arm themselves with “the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God,” and to seize every

opportunity of throwing in remarks of a religious tendency, there is no calculating what might be the results. Here is a thoughtless and giddy young officer arrested by a few observations of a common nature, and on a common subject. Probably the same reflections had often occurred to himself, or been suggested by others; but what will be ineffectual ninety nine times may not be so the hundredth. Hence, the importance of not being "weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." It argues little for the Christianity or the humanity of any professor, who can mingle with those who are in a state of alienation from God, and consequently, exposed to irretrievable danger, and yet make no strenuous efforts to show them their true condition. Captain Page was no sooner aware of his own circumstances, than he endeavoured to bring others to the place where they were likely to be made acquainted with theirs. This proves that his Christianity was real and deep; and that he had been penetrated with a solemn sense of the awful consequences attendant upon the neglect of the concerns of the soul. True religion is not

selfish ; it is an expansive system. The spirit of the gospel is universal ; it wishes to embrace all. It offers freely, and would, at all times, rather give than take. It feels when men reject, and plies them again and again, with the most earnest entreaties.

In addition to attending regularly upon the preaching of the gospel, Captain Page began to employ his time in reading religious books ; an abundance of which were lent to him by his new friend, Mr. Moore. A work of Baxter's deeply affected him. The writer has heard him say, that, on finishing the volume, he exclaimed, "Well, if this is true, I am ruined !" He felt himself completely unnerved, and was entirely powerless as to the commission of many things which he had before considered as harmless. He retired for prayer ; but, not content with going himself, he besought Mrs. Page to retire with him, a request which met with an instant compliance. As if prayer had hitherto been a strange work to him, or as if he had felt ashamed to pray in the presence of his wife, he uttered not a word to her, but placing her by his side, and standing erect,

he poured out his heart before God. Ignorant herself, at the time, of true religion, she could not imagine what had happened to her husband. She viewed the change with silent wonder. And she speedily saw, to her amazement, that what her tears and entreaties had not been able to accomplish, was now more than effected; the gaming table was forsaken, and her own society at home was sought. This gave her unfeigned pleasure, and she soon began herself to see and feel that there was a power in religion greater than she had ever imagined.

But though he had avowed his change of views to Mrs. Page, he was not able, for some time to utter it abroad. The society in which he moved was not at all favourable for the expression of his sentiments. But as true religion cannot long remain a secret, and as men in general, are sufficiently and more than sufficiently alive to the conduct of one another, the alteration of character in Captain Page was speedily observed. His attending the mission chapel was not much thought of, particularly as others of the same rank were in the habit of frequenting it; but his ab-

senting himself from a ball, which took place just about this time, struck all with utter amazement. At such assemblies he had not only been a constant attendant, but from his uncommon cheerfulness, and his genuine wit, had generally been the presiding spirit. Exclamations were heard on every side. Parties and individuals were asking what had happened. The ladies were reiterating, "Captain Page not attend the ball!—Why! what has befallen him?—What reason does he give?" But their exclamations were of no avail. Captain Page now saw that attendance at such places was incompatible with the will of God; that their influence on the mind was evil; and that they induced embarrassments, and tended to dry up the sources of benevolence. But, besides all this, his delight in such companies was gone. Other and nobler pleasures now filled his soul—even joys that the world cannot give, neither take away. God was to him now the spring of enjoyment; and where he could not find him, he never wished to go.

At a subsequent part of his history, having occasion to sail from Madras to the

Cape, on account of his health, anxious to be useful to others, he took a parcel of tracts with him, that he might hand them to the passengers. The struggle he felt in encountering the ridicule and contempt to which he knew his conduct would expose him, with the happy effect, in one instance at least, of this mode of exercising Christian benevolence, is thus described:—

He left Madras, as he had determined, for the Cape; and he sustained on the voyage the same uniformity of Christian character. He was full of love, full of zeal, full of heavenly mindedness, and seemed to live for God only. As usual, he now endeavoured to be useful to his fellow voyagers, and for that purpose had provided himself with a number of religious books and tracts, which he might lend and disperse among the company and crew. But this constituted to him a trial of no small magnitude. Previous to the distribution of these tracts his confidence had almost failed, and he had nearly once more become “the coward.” There was no pious person on board to second him; and the company was such that he knew he

should be laughed at. He took out the tracts from the box ; and, as he expressed himself to the writer, sat for some time in his cabin with them in his hand or before him, and regularly debated with himself the duty of circulating them openly, and by his own means, through the ship. He looked at the ridicule of which he would be the subject, and then at the obligation under which he was laid to use every means within his reach, and at the hazard of all consequences, for the salvation of men ; and the latter prevailing above the former, he appeared with the tracts in his hand on deck. He succeeded. His fear was overcome ; and he was enabled not only to give away the word of life, but, in the giving, to recommend it. Among others whom he addressed was a military officer, whom he found standing alone in some part of the ship. The word was powerful. This gentleman's heart was penetrated ; and he still lives a monument to the glory of God, and a proof of the devotedness and disinterestedness of Captain Page. What a reward for self-denial !

It was not, however, till some time afterwards that he knew that his efforts had,

in this instance, been crowned with success. He met this officer again, and the reader may, perhaps, imagine what was Captain Page's surprise and joy, when he found him not only bearing the character of a decidedly pious man, but was himself greeted as the happy instrument of his conversion to God. It is needless to say, that they became knit to each other as brothers. And it is no wonder that we find this officer significantly saying, shortly afterwards, to an irreligious friend, to whom he sent a note of introduction by Captain Page : " As I am aware of the attention you have ever felt disposed to pay to strangers, and as you have an opportunity of being of service to my friend Captain Page, of the Bengal army, who purposes visiting your station, I have given him this note ; and will count it as a particular favour done to me, if you will be kind enough to assist him with your advice. I ask this on my account, in the first instance ; but this I feel assured of, that you will be inclined the more to do so, if you come to know him as well as I do.'

It is not easy to conceive the thrill of

sacred pleasure which these individuals must have mutually felt, when, on their meeting some time afterwards, the one found he was in the company of his kindest and best benefactor, and the other discovered, for the first time, that he had been made the honoured instrument of successfully directing the steps of a brother officer into the road that leads to eternal life. If there be a pure pleasure on earth—one without alloy—one which can bear the strictest scrutiny, while at the same time, it is of the most exalted character, it is surely that which is derived from such a source as this. May I not add, that so incalculably important is the object obtained, that every one who knows the value of an immortal spirit, will consider it the highest honour to be in any measure instrumental in directing a fellow pilgrim to the only refuge from the storm and the tempest—to that which alone can give him peace at the second coming of the Lord.

When he visited Calcutta, on his way to the Cape, in very bad health, he was introduced to the Rev. W. H. Pearce, one of the Baptist Missionaries, in that city, and the following is the description he

gives of his character, and of his intercourse with him :—

The first interview I enjoyed with the subject of your intended memoir, I still recollect with interest and pleasure. It took place at the house of a missionary associate in Calcutta, about twelve years ago. Captain Page was then suffering very severely under an attack of what was supposed to be the liver complaint; to alleviate the distressing pain attending which, I recollect he was sitting with his feet in the chair, so as to allow his thigh to press against his side. Amidst his sufferings, however, his animation and piety were very conspicuous. When I entered the room, he had just commenced that beautiful composition, entitled “The God of Abraham,” and was repeating, with deep solemnity of voice and manner, the first verse.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I Am!
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow, and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

His countenance then brightened, and his voice became more elevated, as he proceeded in the next verse to express his feelings of piety and self dedication to God, his Creator and Redeemer.

The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I'd rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand:
 I'd all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power;
 And him my *only* portion make,
 My shield and tower.

And his whole soul seemed transported with delight as he proceeded to describe, in the last verse, the glorious prospects, both as to time and eternity, which lay before him.

The God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all his ways.
 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend;
 I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend;
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

The repetition of the hymn was followed by a delightful and animated conversation, in which Captain Page took the lead, on the present privileges and future prospects of the people of God. How happy it was to suffer affliction, when it might, as in his case, he humbly hoped, be viewed as the chastisement of a father; how much better thus to suffer it with the blessed assurance he felt, that to him "to live was Christ, and to die was gain," than to enjoy health and worldly prosperity, attended with the inward conviction, that THIS WAS ALL! Never did I feel more strikingly, how truly pitiable is the case of those who are "without hope," because "without God in the world;" nor how emphatically happy is the man, who, placing "the Lord always before him," and conscious of a desire to live to his glory, fears not death nor eternity; enjoys in all his sorrows, as well as pleasures, the assurance of God's paternal care; and anticipates, with joy unspeakable, the period when he shall be admitted to his presence and favour for ever. Such was the state of mind at this time, I am persuaded, of our late friend; and happy

will it be for your readers, if such be habitually theirs.

Since this period, I have had but very few and transient opportunities of intercourse with Captain Page. Had it been otherwise, you were too long and too intimately acquainted with his character, to need from me any assistance in delineating its more prominent features. I may remark, however, that there was particularly exhibited in him that which ought to be evident in every Christian—a dignified consciousness of the truth and importance of his views of Divine truth, and a manly avowal of his attachment to them before even a scoffing world. A Christian, who acts with reference to eternity, amidst those whose views are limited to advantages in this life only, is placed in some such circumstances as a European philosopher would be among the literati of China. Puffed up with a vain conceit of their superior knowledge, and with the sanction of antiquity and general consent in favour of their views, the latter would naturally despise the philosopher himself, and probably ridicule as singular, whimsical, and absurd, the most correct opinions, with

regard to natural science, he might assert in their hearing. But would this surprise the philosopher? Would it make him hesitate as to the truth of his principles, or ashamed of their avowal? Surely not. Satisfied that if those who despised him searched for truth with the more powerful aids to its investigation which he had enjoyed, they would arrive at the same conclusion; or if they did not, that, in process of time, truth, which must eventually prevail, would vindicate itself; he would patiently bear their contempt, calmly avow the accuracy of his assertions, and, with a dignified composure, anticipate the period when his sentiments would be indisputably established. And ought Christians, when associated with those who, having all "their portion in this life," think themselves wise in giving it their supreme attention, and who feel their views sanctioned by immemorial usage, and by the conduct of the great majority of mankind, to wonder if both they and their sentiments meet with ridicule and contempt? Should not Christians recollect that blessed Agent, the Holy Spirit, and that powerful instrument, the sacred

affect the animal spirits. But still he rested his hopes upon the Saviour, and trusted to be accepted at last.

Mr. Leslie adds:—At this time, he read the Bible every day, and took pleasure in approaching the throne of grace. Deep was his conviction of the unsatisfactory nature of every thing upon earth, and of the folly of men in pursuing it as the chief good. This was a subject with which he had long had his mind much impressed; and it was a theme on which he often spoke. He himself had tried the world, and found it delusive. The hopes of the gospel alone produced peace in his mind; and he believed that no man could be at rest without them.

By his friend, J. W. Templar, Esq., he was greeted with a hearty welcome; but Mr. Templar being necessitated shortly after, to leave Patna, Captain Page removed to the house of another friend, Captain P. Jeremie, where he was rendered as happy as a man in his circumstances could be. The conversation of Captain Jeremie, with the society and piety of Miss G. Jeremie, proved to him a source of the highest

pleasure. He felt at home. He seemed never to have been more delighted. And their kindness afforded him an almost perpetual subject of conversation afterwards.

Evidently becoming worse, and apparently not having long to live, he was, after a fortnight's residence with Captain Jeremie, gently advised, if he wished to see his family again, to repair home. The intelligence did not in the least dismay him. He instantly set off; and the first house he reached was that of the writer. Immediately on seeing me, he said, "Well, Leslie, I have returned to die." The idea being a painful one, and willing to hope that he might be mistaken; I instantly changed the subject; and he talked freely on what was introduced. He seemed no more alarmed, than if he had been told that he was merely to take a short journey. As it was evening when he arrived, and his house at some distance from mine, he remained with me during the whole of that and the following night, with the intervening day. Indeed, he seemed too ill to be removed. His sickness increased to such a degree, that he was quite incapable of walking across the room without

Scriptures, by which their views were enlarged; and conscious that if favoured with these aids to correct vision, those who despise them will see as they do; and that, if not so happy, the day of death and of judgment will, in the case of the most incredulous, stamp the seal of eternal truth on their sentiments, ought they not, with holy calmness and elevated satisfaction, to sustain the ridicule or contempt they may meet with? Yea, rather, satisfied of the vast importance of the truths they have embraced, to the everlasting happiness of those who despise them, should they not delight to avow and vindicate them! Thus did Captain Page. Often would he, in the most happy manner, introduce religion into conversation; and never did he fail to defend it when attacked: and, as the happy consequence, many a youth, almost led away by the infidelity and folly he found too frequently exhibited around him, has been restored to correct sentiments and holy conduct; while, in other cases, ignorant but bold infidelity has been abashed, and sincere but timid piety greatly encouraged. Does he not, in this respect, then, set before

all the professors of religion, an example of what is both their duty and their privilege?

While Captain Page wished to visit the Cape, he could proceed no farther than the Isle of France, the vessel having touched there on its way. After remaining there for some time, he returned to Calcutta, and thence to Monghyr, where he so far recovered as to be able to resume for a season his public duties. During this period of relief, he determined on removing for a few months to Patna, to the house of his very intimate friend, J. W. Templar, Esq. As none of his family could accompany him, Mr. Leslie informs us, that it fell to his lot to be his companion. He appeared to revive a little on the voyage. His conversation was highly interesting. He went over much of his life, and particularly that part of it in which he was ignorant of religion—a period of which he spoke with grief. It appears that his hopes, in reference to his prospect for eternity, were not so animated as could be wished. This might arise from the nature of his disease, as it is well known how particular diseases

help. He felt quite certain that he was dying ; and was very earnest in pressing home upon myself and others his last injunctions.

August 20th.—He was removed with difficulty to his own house. He seemed, however, after being placed once more in the midst of his family, to recover. But his restoration was very temporary. On the 24th, he became exceedingly ill ; and, thinking that he had come to the last day of his life, he calmly settled, with the help of Captain Tanner, all his worldly concerns ; and then desiring his family to be called, one by one, and his most intimate religious friends to be sent for, most composedly told them he was dying, and most affectionately bade them farewell. It was truly touching, to hear him exhorting Mrs. Page and his children to put their trust in God. All he said was uttered in short sentences ; and in a very few at a time. It was the same with his prayers. As had been the case from the first, he betrayed no fear of dying. He had long familiarized his mind with the subject. And though his confessions of sin were deep and humiliating, and though he was fully aware

of the solemnity of eternity, upon which he was entering, and though he saw all weeping around him, he was quite composed. He had no transports ; but he had a settled peace, arising from a believing view of the atonement of Jesus Christ. Often did he declare, that the cross was all his hope.

He was mistaken in supposing that his end was so near. He was destined to live through another week. Till the 26th he was quite sensible ; and spent a great part of the time in talking to his family and friends, and in ejaculatory prayer to God. The sum of what he said was, the importance of religion, the necessity for his family confiding in God, his own great sinfulness, and his hopes of salvation through the death of the Divine Mediator. He never once intimated a wish to live, nor ever expressed himself otherwise than as confident that he was about to die. Indeed, the thought of death seemed to give him pleasure ; for on Mrs. Page wiping his face, he exclaimed, “ Now is God about to wipe all tears from my eyes.”

On the evening of the 26th, he began to wander in mind, and never more than for a few minutes at a time recovered the pro-

per use of his mental powers. He spoke a great deal, but little that was coherent. Much, however, that he did say was truly Christian, and showed on what subjects his mind felt most interested. On the 30th he seemed to suffer great pain, spending the whole day in the most agonizing cries. During the evening he obtained relief; and continued to lie till nearly one o'clock the following day, August 31, 1829, in a dozing state, when, by a sudden casting back of his hands, which were then folded, and the utterance of a heavy groan, he gave signs that he had rendered up his spirit to God his Maker. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." He was aged forty-five years.

I conclude the account of this truly estimable Christian officer, with the description of his character from the pen of Mr. Vansomerén, one of his beloved friends, under whose roof he spent some time at Madras, on his return from the Isle of France.

“I first became acquainted with the late Captain Page in the year 1817, when he came to Madras on his way to the Cape for the benefit of his health, which was even then in a very indifferent state. At that time, the excellent missionaries Lovell, Knill, Gordon, Hands, and Mead, of the London Society, were here, and I think it was through the introduction of one of them that I became acquainted with him, and in the course of time our acquaintance ripened into intimacy. It was impossible for any Christian to know Captain Page, even for a short time, and not feel delighted with his society. I was almost every evening with him, and I seldom found him by himself, for some Christian friend or other would visit him constantly. I found him to be a man under the deepest impression of genuine religion; and as his treasure was in heaven, it was evident that his heart was there also. Although he possessed a rich store of historical information, and seemed to be one who could speak on public affairs, he scarcely ever talked on these subjects without bringing them to bear, in some way or other, on the Christian character, the providence of

God, or the development of prophecy. With the Bible he was very conversant, and it lay before him whenever I called to see him; he used often to refer to it, and read passages in support or illustration of the various subjects we used to touch upon in religious conversation; and he had so interesting and solemn a way of speaking on serious subjects, that it scarcely ever failed to produce the most delightful feelings, and to excite to spiritual mindedness. We seldom parted without prayer, and when the before mentioned missionary friends were with us, (and one or more of them used to call frequently,) the mental feast and spiritual enjoyment we experienced were indeed rich. Captain Page, while at Madras, scarcely ever spoke to a person long without taking a suitable opportunity of introducing some question or conversation respecting eternity. To his medical adviser he used to put some very serious questions about his eternal interests, and told me with regret that he feared all was in vain. Above the fear of man, and not ashamed of Jesus, he never, to my knowledge, shrunk from the most open profession of attachment to his cause. He

publicly addressed, more than once, several soldiers and Indo-Britons, who used, at that time, to meet in a private house in the Black Town, once a week for religious exercises; and his condescension to them all, whenever he met them, was in accordance with all the other amiable and estimable traits of his character. Humility and modesty werè most conspicuous in him. Though no stranger to the joy and peace arising from spiritual mindedness and communion with God, he not unfrequently experienced the plague of his own heart, and used to complain to me of barrenness, earthly mindedness, and hardness of heart, with groans and tears; adding, that all he could do was to weep, for he could not pray. Possessed of an excellent memory, he often used to delight and edify his visitors by repeating, on suitable occasions, passages of choice speeches of eminent statesmen, portions of select poetry, and other gems of literature, with a pathos that was peculiar to himself, and tending to excite the best feelings of the heart. He was a man that seemed to have read much; for I scarcely ever heard a book alluded to by those who conversed

with him, but which he seemed to be familiar with; and he would speak about it as if he had read it very recently. Texts of Scripture on which he used to hear sermons at Madras about twelve years ago, he brought to my recollection last year, with the heads of the discourses, and the most striking remarks made thereon by the preachers.

In July, 1828, he visited Madras for the second time, and lived at my house for about a fortnight. I found him the same man that he was in 1817, in every respect, excepting that his complicated diseases had reduced him much, and altogether altered his personal appearance for the worse. He knew he had not long to live; but he spoke of his departure with a calmness and serenity that none could evince, but those whose hopes and expectations are built on the Rock of ages, and have their foundation in the pure and holy principles and promises of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

I cannot dismiss this article without making one remark, and it is founded on that which appears to have been the first

means of impressing Captain Page's mind with the importance of true religion. This was witnessing the calmness and composure with which a Christian female contemplated the approach of death. It led him to reflect, "Here is a person influenced by principles which must be of peculiar value, as they are fitted to give such peace in this hour of trial." We have seen the blessed effect that followed.

It is not uncommon for pious people to suppose, that when no longer able by disease to engage in the discharge of active duty, especially if confined to the bed of sickness, their usefulness in the world is gone. This I have seen a source of much despondency. But let the case before us show the unreasonableness of such a supposition. Here a Christian, in the chamber of sickness, while silently suffering, with patience, the will of God, is found, unknown to herself, producing effects of inestimable value on the mind of one of her visitors. Let this furnish encouragement to the afflicted disciples of Christ. Let them study in the season of distress, and when rendered incapable of active service, by patient suffering, to make their

light so to shine before men, that they may be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven.

Indeed, we are too apt to confine our ideas of usefulness to individual acts, and to lose sight of the powerful effect produced by the whole tenor of our temper, conversation, and conduct, silently and continually operating on those around us. This kind of operation is plainly referred to in the instruction given to the Jews, regarding the education of their children, Deut. vi. 6, 7: "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." We have here, in addition to direct instruction, an injunction regarding the importance of uniform and habitual impression. Such is the effect of this, that we may perhaps safely say, there is no professing Christian who is not constantly in this way, doing either good or harm. If he is exhibiting the amiable spirit of the gospel in his social intercourse, he is impercepti-

bly recommending his principles, and gradually undermining the prejudices of those who may have entertained prejudices against them. On the other hand, by an opposite conduct, he is continually doing harm, presenting a false view of his principles, either creating such prejudices, or giving them, if they previously existed, additional strength.

I have heard of a gentleman who was sufficiently hostile to the name of methodist, but whose brother had embraced those principles which brought him under this, as he thought, odious and contemptible appellation. In paying a visit to this brother, he was determined to steel himself against any impression he might endeavour to produce upon him. After spending some time with him, what was his remark on his return? Though his brother had not spoken to him a word directly about religion, probably knowing his prejudices on that subject, he told his friends that he was convinced, after all, his brother was right; every thing about his conduct and his family was so much in keeping, so much as it ought to be, that he was sure he was a much happier man

than himself. It is impossible to calculate the beneficial effects that would arise, if every professing Christian were habitually to manifest similar consistency. Let every one recollect his own responsibility here; and that, for the fidelity with which he has exhibited the Christian character, he must at last give an account of himself to God.

CAPTAIN GORDON.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM CAPTAIN
JOHN GORDON, OF THE 2ND, OR QUEEN'S
REGIMENT OF FOOT, WHO DIED AT BAR-
BADOES, DECEMBER 22, 1816.

THE extent of the change produced by the influence of the gospel, on this interesting young officer, can only be understood by those who were acquainted with him in his former days. I had that pleasure, having known him from his childhood. He was indeed, in his early days, the gayest of the gay. Handsome in face and figure, with a great flow of animal spirits, from his earliest years he was a general favourite in the fashionable amusements of the age; and it is not easy to conceive a more complete transformation of character than that which took place, when the gay, the thoughtless, and fashionable Captain Gordon became an humble disciple of Jesus Christ.

It will be seen from the following ex-

tracts, that the amiable exhibition of true religion, in the character of a consistent Christian lady, was, in a great measure, made instrumental in removing the prejudices he had formerly entertained against it. This should be considered as speaking volumes to every one, whatever his situation in life may be, who professes to be a follower of Jesus Christ. How often are powerful prejudices excited, especially in the youthful mind, by something repulsive in the manners of those who assume this character! It is true, such prejudices may often be extremely unreasonable; but who would not tremble at the thought of being the instrument of awakening or strengthening them? On the other hand, how highly gratifying must it be to every Christian, if he can, in any measure, be the means of removing such prejudices by the faithful exhibition of the Christian character!

The following letter to a near relative, gives an account of the circumstances attending his change of sentiments:—

Believe me, whatever fears you entertain upon the spiritual change that has oc-

curred in me, they fall very far short of my own; and if I have prayed more earnestly for one mercy than another, it is, that, through the grace of God, I may be enabled to remain steadfast to the end. I feel that I am no hypocrite upon the occasion; and I am conscious that you will do me the justice to believe, that I am above that, and I therefore can only say, that I trust there is no deception. You and I have a similar conception in our minds, with regard to the difference of those two terms, I make little doubt. I have felt a desire to address you upon this occasion, because I know your anxiety, and it is a subject on which it is perhaps easier to write than to speak. Do not imagine that I have any thing striking or sudden to communicate, such as in the life of Colonel Gardiner, or Mr. Newton, but, in a few words, I think I can trace the progress. In the month of October, in the first week of it, I went to London, to see the secretary of the commander in chief about promotion, and industriously kept away from my friend ——, merely because she was turned religious, and that I knew there were prayers in her house; however, I thought

it would be ungrateful not to call once before I left town. I went, and I found that although quite a new woman, she was agreeable, and far more happy than ever. I had much conversation with her upon that head, and was more pleased with her society than I could ever recollect being before. I remained three days, during which time there was a very pious clergyman in the house, Mr. S., of Paul's Cray, whom I had known to be useful to — during her distress. I had an opportunity of hearing all he said to — during this period. At parting, — begged of me to read the Bible, and to endeavour to pray. She asked me if I would promise to read two or three books which she would give me. I said, “most cheerfully;” for I was convinced that she had got real hold of some far more substantial comfort than I had, and appeared to be quite free from the bondage of the world. The books were, “The Life of Mr. Scott,” “Jones's Scripture Directory,” and two pamphlets by military men, General Burn and Captain Maitland. I joined my regiment at Gosport on the 10th, and I read my Bible occasionally, and said the Lord's prayer;

and if I prayed for any thing it was generally for something temporal, and I found I was very well satisfied with myself. One day, I walked with the paymaster, and purposely introduced religious conversation. I was glad when I found that he did not turn from the subject, and we conversed several hours. Another night, he came to my room in the evening, and I read that chapter in Luke about Lazarus and the rich man, with what Jones said upon it in his "Scripture Directory." However, as I saw he did not appear to take the same interest in it that I did, I attributed it to his want of education; and I remember I felt thankful that the theory at least of religion appeared to be more in myself. At this particular period another subject was so constantly in my mind that I thought perhaps less upon what I had heard in London than I would otherwise have done. I now began to look forward to my journey to Scotland; and in order that I might pass one Lord's day with —, I left the regiment earlier than I intended. Upon Friday, the 11th of November, I told her the reason of my coming, and she smiled. On Sunday, we went to

Percy Chapel, and heard a Mr. S. It was a very striking sermon, upon the death of a young woman who had been called by grace in a strong degree, and had died in a most happy condition. In the afternoon, we went to St. Bartholomew's Church, and I heard Mr. W. preach from these words: "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me," Matt. x. 40. I never heard doctrine laid down so plainly and fully, and with such warm affection. I was convinced that it was this, and this only, that could have wrought such a wonderful change in my dear friend —; and I kept thinking what would I give to find such a change in myself; for I felt I was far from happy. I have said to myself, "I have known — in her gay days, but she never was cheerful or happy till now;" I was besides an eye-witness to the good she did among the poor. Going home from church, I expressed how much I was gratified with the sermon, and expressed a wish to be a partaker of the Lord's supper; that the sermon had excited this wish: and I was informed, if I waited till next Sunday, I should have an opportunity. I

determined to pass the time accordingly in reading, thought, and prayer. On Tuesday, I went to Haberdashers' Almshouses, and heard the same good pious man preach (Mr. W.) from 1 Pet. i. 1, 2. The church was crowded, and we met there Mr. S., who introduced me to Mr. W. after the sermon. I then told Mr. S. of my wish and strong desire to communicate; and he said he would have some conversation with me, which was what I most wanted. He went home to Portland Place with us, and it was then determined to go to Cambridge to the Bible Society. In the carriage there was much serious exhortation and conversation, and Mr. S. expounded several texts of Scripture. All this period my attention was riveted, and I found far more delight than I had ever experienced before. In the evening of the day we went to Cambridge, to Mr. S.'s church, and his curate preached from these words: "For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace," Rom. viii. 6. After church I went to Mr. F.'s; where Mr. S. expounded the Scripture, I think in Hebrews, at great length. I remember that, what with conversation,

the journey, the sermon, and Mr. S.'s expounding, I was more worn out than I can express. Next day we went to the Town Hall, where the meeting was; the speakers were, Mr. Simeon, Mr. Professor Farish, and, above all, Mr. Owen. His matchless eloquence in favour of spreading far the glad tidings of the gospel, brought me almost to tears, and my situation was very unpleasant in consequence; but when he enlarged upon the good effect the Bible had had upon two or three soldiers, taken prisoners after the battle of Talavera,* it was too much for me. After the meeting I dined with Mr. Simeon. Mr. Owen was there with a large party. I remember saying, and thinking with myself, "Had I first come to Cambridge with my present feelings, it might have been well for me." On Friday we returned to town, and all this period till Saturday night, Mr. S. was much engaged with me. On Sunday, after having got up early, I read, with much attention, the Communion, as it is in the Church of England, and afterwards went to Percy Chapel, and

* Captain Gordon was engaged in the battle of Talavera.

along with — partook of the sacrament for the first time. Since then I have felt a change in myself, and see the necessity of a radical change, and this altogether arises from the belief I now have. I can say no more. It is not that I have laid down methodical rules for my guidance, but I can only say, I find that belief has caused me to think and act as I now do ; and let my future conduct prove what this belief is.

His sense of the difficulties he would have to encounter, he thus expresses to another friend :—

Were I to tell you all I have suffered in consequence, and the great dangers and difficulties I cannot help looking forward to—for my profession is the most unfavourable that can be to religious impression, if you consider that religion is a plant of slow growth, and even when it has taken root how apt to be blasted—you would sympathize with my distress on this head. At the same time it is wrong to anticipate evil ; and nothing can be a stronger proof of my want of faith. Oh that I could man-

fully cast all my cares on Him, who careth for those who fully confide in him, and remember that if I confess him before men, he will confess me before his Father's angels ! but the fears I have of falling off, and the difficulties I have to encounter in order to meet my own approbation, make me feel very uneasy. I have already been more in the mouths of the world than under any circumstances is pleasant. But I put my trust in Him who brought me to a knowledge of the truth, and who will not suffer any to be plucked out of his hand.

From another letter we give the following extract :—

My change of sentiments has caused a sensation here, and there is a work going on ; beside those I have mentioned, four others have come to me, and said that they are rejoiced to find a man who dare avow such principles : that they have entertained them, but had been afraid to avow them. I have great hopes of the assistant surgeon, who was in his youth a hearer of Mr. O., at Fulham. I see I shall be a rallying

point for those who are disposed to take up the cross. Do not suppose, however, that things are to go on thus smoothly; others say, if this kind of thing is not stopped, it will do much harm; and I know there is much more talk than I hear. I called on Mr. Bogue the day after I heard him, and sat some time with him. Lady G. gave me two Bibles, which I gave to my own company; and on Sunday my serjeant told me that five of my soldiers heard Mr. B. in the evening.

Last Sunday week, I went to church, and, in the full dress of the queen's royal regiment, communicated at the Lord's table. The day was when I would have shrunk back and been ashamed; I now consider it the most esteemed privilege.

I had yesterday a letter from a clergyman in Norfolk, who is full of joy on account of the change of sentiments I had excited in his brother, Lieutenant G., who has begun to read his Bible, accompanied with prayer. My rank and standing in the regiment prevent many from speaking boldly out; they know, in point of education and society, I had rather the advantage of them before, and now they are

quite lost what to think. I have read through M'Lean on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and much real information have I derived from the work. I sometimes think of writing to —. We used to be on good terms; but if a word could be dropped in season I should rejoice. — little knows the wide spread Christianity is making in the high ranks of life; there are people, far, far above — in rank, fortune, and fashion, who consider every thing as dung and dross, compared to the knowledge of the excellence of Christ. I remember — used to talk to me about going to church, and being converted, and I do think I might begin with him now. I never make religion the subject at the mess. We have forty-two officers at head quarters; thirty sit down to dinner. There is no drinking, nor giving of toasts; but were I to pretend to check every oath that is uttered, I should never have rest; therefore I do not. In private I speak freely to every man of them. When I reflect upon my own ways in this respect, and particularly how I lost my temper, and vented it upon the soldiers, if any thing went wrong in the field, it seems to me a miracle, nor

can I conceive a greater. Since October I have never made use of more than yea or nay ; formerly it was very different. This is not my doing ; I never made any determination. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.

In another letter he writes thus :—

I was determined to forbear writing to you, until it pleased God that I should have it in my power to relate something worthy of being communicated, on the score of that cause in which I am embarked, and for the wide spread of which I earnestly pray. May the time come when the word of God shall not return to him void, but cover the face of the earth as the waters do the sea ! You have heard how my time was passed in London. I ever considered that all I heard, both there and in Edinburgh, was but preparing me for the scene of action here. I felt a good deal discomposed as the time approached when I must again mingle with those gay, thoughtless companions in this regiment, with whom I had passed nine years of my life wickedly and unprofitably ; and was

determined that, both for the honour of that God whom I serve, and for that Saviour whose cross I trust I bear, and willingly too, for bear it I must, I should by every means make reparation to those whom I had formerly been the means of, perhaps, misleading. Many have been the anxious and earnest prayers I have sent up for myself, that I might be enabled to stand firm, and be the instrument of bringing to the knowledge of the truth some who were far from it. I had made known my sentiments to the commanding officer as far back as December last; and the day after I had a conversation with him, I sent him General Burn's "Christian Armour," and the report of the Bible Society, that he might see the Duke of York patronized such things, and by this means hedge myself round with military precedent of the highest order. To the surgeon of the regiment I gave Scott's "Force of Truth;" to the other officers, different books; and I think I have given away about two or three hundred tracts among the soldiers, which — supplies me with; but all this I consider as auxiliary to the many conversations I have weekly, daily, and I may

say hourly, with many of the regiment. You would be surprised to see what is going on. I have found two officers, Mr. G. and Mr. A., who appear to have felt the influence of the Holy Spirit; but, afraid to make it known, they allow it to remain dormant. I cannot describe the joy they feel at meeting in me, (who stand high in other respects in the regiment,) a person with whom they can at all times talk on such a subject. A young man has been impressed with the most serious views of these things, and has written to his brother, a pious young clergyman in Norfolk, in a way that convinces me there is something working in him: his brother wrote to me on the occasion. Mr. R., the assistant surgeon, passes much of his time with me; and I know that he passes much time in secret prayer and reading the Bible. He was in London lately, and I gave him a letter to Mrs. —, with whom he was delighted. He came to me the other day, grasped me by the hand, and said, he did not know how it was, but, either through Mrs. — or me, he was quite another man.

Referring to a visit he had received from a brother, he thus writes:—

He is looking remarkably well : he dined at our mess, where they were delighted with him, and said he looked like what I used to be ; but that care and prayer were fast undermining my total appearance, and if I went on with my methodism, they did not know where it would end. I trust I know where it will end ; they little know how internally happy I am now, compared to what I used to be. Yet let me not talk of all in this way. My firmness, example, and conversation appear to be much blessed by the Lord. Would you imagine it, that since I joined I have gained over from five to six young officers to serious reading, earnest prayer, and attendance on the preaching of the word ? They really appear to be gradually influenced by the Holy Spirit. From seven to eight go to hear Mr. Bogue, on a Thursday evening as well as on a Sunday, and they are all delighted with him ; last night there were two staff-serjeants, and three of the band, several privates, and five officers went. I know too much to count upon this ; but it is pleasant to see it. I have given about two hundred tracts among the soldiers and in the hospital. You cannot but suppose

that, after this, there is opposition. Yes; the cry is, "Gordon will ruin the regiment!" Wait a little: I was ever forward when the regiment was called upon; and if this corps should be called on, they will perhaps see that I will again perform my duty in the face of the enemy, with composure and courage.

Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that I have been converted myself, to be made useful to others. The ladies in the regiment are as forward now to attend Divine service as their husbands. — does not say much to me; but I hear every thing from others, and he begins to think there must be more in it than mere fancy: he is about to begin to read his Bible. The mountains and difficulties I apprehended begin to disappear; for I joined the Queen's with apprehensions for my own firmness, nor is it much diminished yet; but I cannot help experiencing that the Lord has been exceedingly gracious to me.

On another occasion, he thus expresses himself:—

Like most other Christians, I have lately

had my trials, and afflictions, and temptations ; but I begin, through the strength that is in Christ Jesus, to feel more comfortable in my mind : indeed, I have partaken of his fulness and grace, in whom is all abundance. It is not to be wondered that I have even moments of affliction, for I have many temporal as well as spiritual foes to encounter : still I am sure that my life is hid with Christ in God ; and when He who is my life shall appear, I trust I shall also appear in glory with him. Indeed, I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say that my affections are set upon things above ; and I am persuaded that neither death nor life shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. I bless God always for the great change that has taken place in my sentiments. Surely Lazarus was never more naturally dead than I was spiritually ; but when God says, " Let there be light !" there shall be light. Surely the work of redemption is greater than that of creation. I am quite sensible, my dear M., what cause for watchfulness and prayer I have. Well do I know, if I trust in my own strength, I must fall ; but I hope,

though the change was sudden, it will not be the less permanent. I know whom I have believed ; and though I cannot keep myself, he is both able and willing to keep to the last that which is entrusted to him. Sometimes I have been made to cry out, “ O wretched man that I am ! ” and I suffer much in my own mind. I know Satan attacks me on the score of many grievous disappointments, and even relations ; but after a while much sweeter moments than I before experienced do not fail to return. How wonderfully God has, with the influence of his Spirit, blessed my endeavours to prove useful to three or four officers ! One, in particular, is now far ahead of myself in every thing, which rejoices me much, although I know there may be envy and jealousy in spiritual as well as in temporal things ; but, my dear M., by grace are we saved, “ not of works, lest any man should boast. ” I do not hold this doctrine in a way that might prove injurious ; but these doctrines of election, predestination, and final perseverance, are to me unanswerable and conclusive. At the same time, we must use means, and salvation is offered unto all men ; for it is said, “ Ye

will not come to me that ye may have life.”

A letter to his mother contains the following passage:—

I had, through the favour of God, another opportunity of communicating, and, I trust, through his blessing and grace, of being strengthened for the many trials that await me: of myself I can do nothing, but I have already experienced that Christ is all in all. Yet I cannot express the fears and dread I entertain of falling off: no doubt this is planted in me for the best and wisest purposes; but the dread sometimes overwhelms me. I have such clear views as God alone could have given me. One thing I must say, that things have gone so smoothly hitherto, that some great trial must await me. I often reflect on the wonderful manner in which I have been drawn; and now though I understand how it is so encouraging to keep steadfast, yet I cannot of myself, for still no one cometh except the Father draw him. Certainly love drew me; and when others have been drawn by fear, afflictions,

distress, it hath pleased God, of his wondrous love, to draw me by love. I never could find courage to talk to you, my dearest mother, on this subject; but I have felt for months past such an internal comfort and quiet of mind, such a passing away of old things, that I can say I know experimentally what it is to be "born again;" yet I do not boast, it is all of free sovereign grace; "for Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but it is God that giveth the increase." I am indeed in a happy state of mind.

In every thing connected with religion I now take a very deep interest. There is a great work going on; and in whatever situation we are placed, it becomes us who are true believers to be doers as well as hearers of the word. The many difficulties and unpleasant situations I naturally expected to be placed in upon joining my regiment, have all vanished through the kind blessing of God. I think there are about four or five officers who entertain similar sentiments to my own.

In another letter he says:—

The year is about to close, and a new one, please God, about to open upon me. This period naturally excites many interesting reflections to every one, but to none more than those who have so lately been brought from darkness into marvellous light. I trust I have been making progress in the growth of grace; indeed, when I look back, I cannot help being sensible that my views, as to Divine things, are much enlarged; and this last year has been spent in throwing aside the works of darkness, and praying to God, through the mediation and intercession of Christ Jesus, that I may be able to put on the armour of light. You, my dearest mother, who have known me longest, can better, perhaps, than any other, imagine the fightings within and without that I am everlastingly exposed to, and how constantly variable and fluctuating are my different frames. How justly may the Christian life be termed a warfare! I am sure nothing but Divine grace begun in my heart could cause the spirit so to fight against the flesh. I have, for a year and more, made the Scriptures and religious books my constant and daily study; and from

them, more than sermons, I find what my case was and is ; and if I hold fast to the end, the gospel which is preached, what shall I be ! This sometimes is more than I am well able to hold : that a rebellious, sinful creature as I am, should, before the foundation of the world, be predestinated, be called, justified, sanctified by the blood of Jesus, appears to me so wonderful, that I cannot be surprised at the natural man ridiculing it ; yet, at other times, I despond to such a degree, that unbelief almost throws me down. This however I know, it is all of grace, and not of works ; and that we must evince our calling and election by a godly, righteous, sober, and holy life, working our dear Lord and Master's work while it is day, as the night comes when no man can work ; and still it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. But my experience does not keep pace with my knowledge ; neither do my dispositions and temper bring forth the fruits of the Spirit.

It is a year since I joined this regiment, a very different character, through the blessing of God, from what I had been for nine years previous ; and on no subject

was I more instant in season and out of season, more fervent and frequent in my prayers, than that some in this regiment might be struck with the force of truth; and I am sure my prayers have been answered; for, besides officers, there are several serjeants, musicians, and soldiers, who seem bent upon working out their salvation with fear and trembling. Yet I am sure the inquiry, "What do ye more than others?" continually haunts me; for throughout Scripture there is much more stress laid upon doing than hearing the word.

The regiment being ordered to the West Indies, he thus wrote to a sister:—

As I am about to leave England, for a time only I trust, a letter is due to you from a brother who dearly loves you all; and his earnest prayers shall constantly be uttered for your spiritual welfare; which I can now, through the blessing of God, say I put more and more value on daily. Yes, my dearest sister, I have found the pearl of inestimable value, by a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteous-

ness; and I know what it is to feed on Christ in my heart through faith. And as the last favour I ask of you, my dear —, I beg of you to read attentively Luke xi., and particularly the 13th verse; dwell upon it, and may God enable you to pray over it in spirit and in truth. I am sure he has proved a gracious God to our family; and I pray that, in that last awful day, when he makes up his jewels, no one of us may be wanting; for when once Divine grace begins in a family, it generally leavens the whole lump. I was much delighted with the great change in our dearest M. and S. May God the Holy Spirit fasten conviction in all our hearts, as a nail in a sure place, that we may never more be polluted with corruption.

Having arrived at Barbadoes, he thus wrote home:—

It was a great satisfaction to me, that in the frigate, being senior officer of the Queen's, I had such influence over the captain of the ship, (an old acquaintance,) that every Sunday I had both the ship's

company and soldiers assembled, a church regularly formed, the bell tolled as at home, and every thing carried on with the utmost decency and quiet which circumstances would admit. Oh! if I had not the gospel, and the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, I should be of all men the most miserable! I hope I shall find grace in his sight daily, and live more to his glory; but I have much to struggle with, and I now find what a misery it is to be without the preaching of the word.

Referring to the dangers to which Europeans are exposed from the climate of Barbadoes, he says:—

I have used every precaution, and my daily prayer is, that the Lord will enable me to watch, be sober, and ready, lest the Son of man come in such an hour as I know not. Without his grace I can do nothing, but I feel so much under the shadow of his wing, that I am in mind as comfortable as I desire. I have so much to distract me with regimental business, that I know, that if this had happened to me some years ago, my natural irritability

and anxious temper, with the climate, would already have thrown me into a fever. I am doing the duty of a major till one arrives from England; and I thank God, I can say, that when he comes I shall, I hope, return to my own without a murmur. I have been occupied reading General Burn's life;* there are so many coincidences to occurrences in my own life, that I feel interested in it. On Sunday I was able to have a small church assembled in my own room.

A malignant fever having broken out in the island, he says:—

A commissary taken ill yesterday—dead to-day. Such things in this climate are common occurrences. The 25th regiment, doing duty with us, has lost thirteen men the last month; the Queen's, none. Bless the Lord, O my soul; yet how cold are my praises! I am sure, if I had not the blood and righteousness of Christ, who honoured and fulfilled the law of God, to plead, I could have no hope.

* Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

I pray for repentance towards God, and faith in Christ Jesus; and if I should be called away suddenly, I pray, "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for he hath on earth tasted the promised salvation; and if a partaker of grace now, of glory hereafter." Has the Rev. Mr. Bickersteth's account of his tour through part of Africa appeared? He promised to send it to me. He passed two or three days with me and my friends here. If religion is not on the increase in the Queen's, sobriety and temperance at table are; and I never hear an oath uttered. There is a great change in many other respects, though I have to take up the cross daily—a soldier and a Christian, as I hope I am. Oh, you little know altogether what I suffer.

A brother officer, and who was also a Christian friend, having been cut off by this fever, Captain Gordon thus wrote:—

I have to bless God more and more daily for the repeated manifestations of himself to me, in a way that he doth not manifest himself to the world; and I can

well cry out, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." For these last two months, surrounded by the dying and the dead, what would this life be, had I not hope and strong faith? Yes; indeed I am strong in a strength not my own, and daily feed in rich pastures. I am now about to give you the account of a saint now in glory: my much lamented and dearly beloved Lieutenant Gray, of this regiment, who at the age of twenty-five years, departed this life on the 8th instant, after forty-eight hours' illness. On the evening of November 6, about seven, I had, as usual, gone to his room, when I found him very unwell, and upon feeling his pulse found it 120. I instantly sent for Mr.—, the surgeon, and made him take a great quantity of blood; but though he was well at dinner, by this time the most dangerous symptoms of the malignant fever peculiar to this climate had taken place. I had him sent to the naval hospital; the military one being so crowded there was no room there. On the evening of the 8th, he expired in my arms. Though aware of his danger, he never once shrunk from death, but in his last moments breathed

out the tender love he bore his parents, and expressed his sure and firm faith of a glorious resurrection, through the atonement of a crucified Saviour. It had pleased God, about a year and a half ago, to make me the humble, unworthy, but on this occasion, much honoured instrument of leading this dear child of God to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus; and from that period, down to the day of his death, he had constantly and devotedly walked before God, evidencing daily the strongest proofs of Divine teaching, and progress in grace. His principles and practice never varied; and God seemed to take him to himself as too good for this wicked world. Like ripe fruit, he fell from the tree. Like Enoch, he may be said to have been translated. His death was glorious and triumphant, having beforehand prepared to meet it in faith; and his was a precious faith indeed. His last words to me were, "Gordon, my body is weary and weak; but there is rest awaiting me when it is over." I then said, "Christ hath said, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.'" He returned for answer, "He hath never yet forsaken me, and I am sure he will not now." There was a

smile on his features, which then almost lighted up his countenance, and his very last words we could hear were, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." He talked of the sweet conversations we had had at different times about the Saviour; and it pleased God, that neither duty nor sickness prevented any of us from being with him in his last moments. There were five present, who I trust, are ready to make the same declarations and testimony to the truth. When Gray joined the regiment in 1808, in Guernsey, Colonel Ramsay put him under my charge; and from that moment we became attached to one another, till it pleased God to cement that friendship by the only true bond, "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." His loss is almost irreparable to me in one respect, that I have no longer the benefit of his superior wisdom and counsel; but that will lead me more to seek the wisdom which is from above. He was the object of the greatest respect, and almost admiration, in this truly respectable regiment, and his name will long live in their remembrance. I comfort myself with these words, and it is indeed sweet con-

solation, "He is now a saint in heaven, joined to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn who are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." He had learned his exercise well—in daily battles. No soldier kept his arms more shining and bright. He looked to Jesus, the Captain of his salvation, for orders, for courage, for strength, for victory; and all his enemies and opposition fell before him. He died in a small room of an hospital, built by Sir Alexander Cochrane, for the navy. I mean to have a tombstone erected to his memory, with these words of Young:—

The chamber where the Christian meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.
God waits not the last moments—No; he owns his
 friends
On this side death, and points them out to men,
A lecture silent, but of sovereign use.

Speaking of the ravages of the before mentioned malignant disease, which de-

prived him of his valued friend, he says :—

This has been a dreadful season indeed ; but bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. I am strong in the Lord Jesus, and find the 91st Psalm my comfort and support. I desire to look to Christ alone, and “emptied of self,” as dear Mr. Wilkinson used to say, “let Christ be all in all,” and exalted be his name for ever ! Let us go forth conquering and to conquer in his name, and let the name written on our banners be “love.”

It was not long before one of Captain Gordon’s friends had to communicate the painful tidings, that he, too, had fallen a victim to the fever, which at that period raged with so much virulence. The following is an extract from the letter that conveyed the melancholy account:—

“During the short period in which Captain Gordon was confined to a sick bed, he manifested the utmost resignation, and informed his medical attendants, with humble confidence, that he was quite pre-

pared for the event, whatever it might be. The sting of death had been taken away; and, through our Lord Jesus Christ, he had obtained a victory over the grave.

“A confusion of intellect, not amounting to a total privation of reason, shortly appeared in the progress of the disease; and though rendered by it incapable of conversing, he appeared much refreshed by the prayers of a clergyman of the Church of England who visited him; and on his dissolution appearing to be near at hand, it was repeated by a friend, ‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: that they may rest from their labours.’ He said, he would rather——; but could not utter another word. He gradually sunk, not appearing to endure much pain, and died with a placid smile on his dear countenance. You have lost a beloved brother; I, an esteemed and valued friend. His departed spirit is now partaking of that eternal weight of glory which has been long prepared for him.

“Christ has loosened from this world a spirit which might here have shared our affections. Jesus has taken him to himself; in Jesus may we then still behold

him. He is singing with our dearest friend, the late Mr. Gray, the song of Moses and the Lamb; enjoying more than he ever had the foretaste of. I pray that we may all be as one in Christ: oh glorious view to behold all our Christian brethren, and all those at a distance from us, in the face of Jesus Christ! Daily, on going to the throne of grace, may we consider that our friends have formed a more intimate union with the Head of that body, of which we are only the more distant members. They still live in Christ. It would appear that God has selected those from amongst us who were most meet for his kingdom, most ripe for glory—Gray and your dear brother. Adams, Broderick, and myself, have been dangerously ill with fever; but God has spared us, and by their death tells us to prepare to meet our God.

“It was a gratification in which I participated, when following his dear remains, to observe the marked respect paid to his memory by every individual in the regiment. He was a Christian indeed; and on no occasion, although we have buried nine officers, was there such a feeling of

estimation shown as in the present, and at the funeral of dear Gray. I was gratified and rejoiced on looking Zionward, in knowing that so dear a friend had reached in peace his Father's kingdom."

The following sketch of Captain Gordon's change of sentiments, and subsequent character, was given by one who knew him well. I shall conclude these extracts regarding him, by inserting this in connexion with two passages from his last will and testament, only adding, that the short description of his character here given, seems very amply justified by the preceding extracts from his own letters.

From October, 1814, to the time of his death, the change in his principles and pursuits was abiding and progressive. It soon appeared that he was renewed in the spirit of his mind; and in no long time he was marked by his friends and former associates, as the opposite of what he had been. From thenceforward he added to faith, fortitude, knowledge of the word of God, self-government, patience, piety, brotherly love, and benevolence. Confiding

in the word of his grace, he walked in the fear of God, and very uninterruptedly in the comforts of the Holy Spirit. His zeal for the salvation of others, kept pace with the ardour and perseverance with which he wrought out his own. God honoured him, both in the regiment, and, it is hoped, out of it, to bring not a few, not only under instruction, but to render that and his example effectual for the salvation of some of them. The state of his mind may, in some degree, be judged of, by the following extracts from the preamble and conclusion of his last will and testament, dated the 3d of July, 1816:—

“I, John Gordon, impressed with the awfulness and the uncertainty of human life at all times, but more particularly in this quarter of the globe, will thank the major of the regiment to consider these few lines as my last will and testament, with regard to my effects in the West Indies. Should it please God to call upon me suddenly to appear before him as my Judge and Creator, I desire to plead for mercy, for my manifold sins and daily transgressions, through the blood and righteousness of Him, who, though with-

out sin, became sin for us, that we might be clothed with his imputed righteousness ; and thus committing myself to him, who is able to keep to the last that which is entrusted to him, I die in the hope of a joyful resurrection.

* * * *

“ And now I have only to pray, that I may, through faith in Christ Jesus, leave a testimony behind me, that religion is no vain thing ; and I pray that the kingdom of Christ may be advanced daily. I die in peace and good-will towards all my dear brother officers ; and if, in duty* or otherwise, from a zeal for the service, I have been hasty, I trust they will attribute it to the true cause. Above all, I recommend unanimity among all ranks ; and I trust you may all prepare for this last scene which awaits all men.

(Signed)

“ JOHN GORDON,
“ Senior Captain, Queen’s.”

* Being eldest captain, he had been in command of the regiment while in the West Indies, his superior officers being absent.

ACCOUNT OF MAJOR ———.

AGREEABLY to your request, I sit down with pleasure to give you as simple a statement as may be, of the way God my Saviour led me.

My father was descended from one of the noblest families in Scotland, but what is of infinitely greater importance, (before my birth, I believe,) was adopted into the family of the redeemed; and my mother being also decidedly pious, I had the invaluable privilege of religious instruction from the earliest dawn of reason. I have understood that it was the wish of both my parents, that I should be devoted either to the kirk or the bar; and a noble relative in the north, to whose kind care I was early entrusted, had the former still in view; but God, in his infinite wisdom and mercy to myself and others, ordered it otherwise, and led me to choose the profession of my father. At the age of sixteen I obtained a commission in the army, and served my king and country twenty years

by sea and land ; all of which time, though my judgment was informed, I lived entirely forgetful of that God who never once lost sight of me, but preserved me in perils and dangers innumerable, while thousands fell on my right hand and on my left.

My excellent and pious father did not cease, in every letter to me during his life, to admonish me to make religion my first concern ; and after his decease, a pious and beloved only sister continued to do so, and to pray for her wicked and thoughtless brother. During this long period I had many sharp convictions ; and often, when my brother officers, and even those, of all beings the most thoughtless, French officers, have been envying me as a happy fellow, like Colonel Gardiner, I have been wishing myself any thing rather than a rational and accountable creature.

In the year 1815, I was doing duty on board his Majesty's ship St. Lawrence, at Kingston, on Lake Ontario, in Upper Canada, when peace was made with America. I had been frequently displeased with the conduct of a young officer under my command ; but one evening, in particular, he began singing a song in ridi-

cule of sacred things : this I could not endure, but went on the quarter deck, and sent to say I wished to speak with him : this was I think between eight and nine o'clock, a fine summer evening. We walked the deck the whole night, conversing in the most serious manner ; I pointing out his awful danger by thus abusing sacred things, recommending him to read the Bible and pray, and telling him if he would read it, I would give him Watson's "Apology for the Bible." He promised he would, took all I said in good part, and, with tears, said he had never met such a friend before, promising never to act such a part again. Next morning I left the ship, and proceeded for Britain. I have often wondered at my conduct on this occasion, as at the time, and for some months after this, I knew nothing of real religion. My judgment was informed, I perceived my own danger, but his appeared still more awful.

Through the goodness and mercy of God, I arrived safe on British ground in August, 1815.

Having been commandant of the department to which I belonged in Canada, I

proceeded to London, to settle my accounts with the paymaster. The theatre had always been one of my greatest snares; but, at this time, I met with Hervey's "Theron and Aspasio," and believe it was chiefly by reading it I became thoroughly disgusted with the theatre, and went no more. I was still destitute of any thing like religion but the mere form; but having proceeded to head quarters, and on Sunday, the 7th of January, 1816, being confined to my lodgings by indisposition, Providence directed me to the tract, "The Sin and Danger of Neglecting the Saviour,"* which my sister had put among my baggage in 1806, and had accompanied me from that period unnoticed; but the time of God's mercy was come, when I should be brought not only to confess, but to feel, what it is to be a sinner.

I believe every sin that I had ever committed, in thought, word, or deed, arose before me in dread array. I stood self-condemned, and could not but admit, did God cause sentence to be excuted on me, as it was only what I merited, he would

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be most righteous. I cast myself on the floor, and, for the first time in my life, really prayed, saying, with the humbled publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," yea, the very chief of sinners. I continued for some days in a most awful state of mind, beseeching God to have mercy on me, and to grant me the Holy Spirit to direct me what I should do. And for the encouragement of all who may read this, and who feel the burden of sin, I will say, he did answer my prayer, and directed me to one of his most honoured servants, the late Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea; and through his preaching, and studying the Bible on my knees, I was, in a short time, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, enabled to rejoice in Christ Jesus as all my salvation; and having given myself first unto God, was received in a few months as a member of the church, of which he was the faithful, holy, and judicious pastor for forty-two years. He had honoured God our Saviour much, especially by his exertions in the missionary cause; and he was, in consequence, highly honoured as the blessed instrument of bringing many to the Saviour, who shall be to him for a crown of

joy and rejoicing, in the day, the glorious day, when Jehovah Jesus shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that, through grace, have believed.

With fervent prayers that the great Head of the church may bless to our army and navy this labour of love in which you are engaged, and cause it to act as a stimulus to all who have relations in those services; and that what is here recorded, in my particular case, may be a means of encouragement to tract distributors; and that all your labours, stated and occasional, may be crowned with the most abundant success; I remain, my dear and reverend friend, yours most faithfully.

LOSS ARISING FROM THE WANT OF CHRIS-
TIAN INTERCOURSE.

A RESPECTABLE clergyman of the English church informed me, that, a short time after the battle of Waterloo, he was travelling on the continent, when, after being disappointed of an opportunity of preaching at Paris, he was rather unexpectedly called upon to preach in a chapel, in a town where several English families resided. He, on this occasion, chose a text which led him to notice some of the great leading doctrines of Divine truth, as the ruined state of man as a sinner, and the only way of salvation by Jesus Christ. An officer of rank happened to be one of his audience. On the Monday following he was asked to dine in company with this gentleman, along with several others. He was struck with the particular marks of attention which he received from him during dinner; and, when they went to the drawing room to tea, he thus addressed him when they got into a corner by them-

selves :—“ Allow me to say, sir, that I was very much gratified by hearing your sermon yesterday, and you will not be surprised that I was so, when I mention the following circumstances. My attention was first directed to the Bible by attending a meeting of a Bible Society some years ago, in a provincial town in England, where my regiment happened to be quartered at the time. The clergyman of the place was unfavourable to the society, and dissuaded the people from countenancing it. This very circumstance, perhaps, excited my curiosity to see what sort of a thing it was. But be that as it may, I went, and certainly I heard so much said in favour of the Bible, of its excellence and utility, that I was determined to read it. I did so, and from carefully perusing it, I thought I saw in it the doctrines, in substance at least, that you preached yesterday. I never, however, from that time till this, met with one who seemed from his conversation, to view things in the same light ; and though, from finding that the views I had been led to entertain of the doctrines of the Bible gave me support and comfort in suffering and sorrow, I was very unwilling to give

them up; yet, from this circumstance, I was led to entertain some doubts whether I understood the Scriptures aright, or whether the opinions I entertained were fancies of my own. Having frequently felt some misgivings on this subject, you may well conceive how much satisfaction I experienced in having my views confirmed by your discourse.”

It may well be supposed that this discovery formed a powerful bond of union, and created a deep mutual interest in both parties. I have only to observe, that the officer referred to, has since occupied some important public situations; and has, so far as I have learned, ever acted in a manner perfectly consistent with the profession he at that time made.

I cannot introduce this incident without subjoining two observations to which it naturally gives rise.

First. We have here a specimen of one of the indirect advantages arising from the Bible Society. A public meeting called at the formation, or the annual celebration of a district society, was the instrument of awakening the attention of this officer to

the contents of the Bible. There is reason to hope, that this has been a case of not unfrequent occurrence. The variety of speakers employed on such occasions ; laymen engaged in recommending the Bible who never spoke in public about it before, together with the eloquent appeals that are sometimes addressed to the audience, have often excited a curiosity to come and hear what was said at such meetings, among those who were not in the way of hearing such addresses any where else ; and while some instances of the beneficial effects of such addresses have come under our notice, may we not reasonably entertain the hope, that many similar instances exist which will only be known at the great final day.

My second remark is, that such an incident as that recorded may show the utility of such a publication as the present. In so far as it may get into the hands of any officer, it will show him that he does not stand alone : that the principles he may gather from his Bible are known and acknowledged, not only by many whose judgment he must respect, but by many of the same profession with himself. The

knowledge of this fact, and of the steadfastness with which some officers have maintained their Christian profession amidst the taunts or the obloquy with which they have been assailed, will be found, I trust, much fitted to encourage others to persevere amidst similar opposition, and to resist, with a firm decision of character, the temptations with which they may be surrounded.

CONVERSION OF LIEUTENANT W—.

LIEUTENANT W—, in complying with the request of his friend, to give an account of the change that had taken place in his sentiments and conduct, begins thus :—

I should premise, that ever since I was seventeen years of age I had been an open infidel and deist, having been made so at that early age by an old grey-headed gentleman, of the name of D—, who attacked me one night at his house in Hereford, where I was spending the evening with his son. The old man, thinking I was an artless, easy prey, commenced the subject after tea—warily and artfully, lest I should be shocked and frightened away. He tempted me, just as the devil did Eve, by casting suspicious doubts and evil surmises into my mind, till he excited my eager curiosity to hear all he had to say ; telling me it was true wisdom and knowledge,

and that I and all Christians were blinded by priestcraft, etc. As I knew nothing of the arguments in proof of the authenticity of the Scripture and truth of the Christian religion, he, in the course of a couple of hours, so powerfully tempted me—exciting in me every bad passion, particularly my pride to gain this knowledge, and be wiser than the Christian world at large, and that I might be above all law to God, and sin with impunity—that I stretched forth my hand, and did pluck of the forbidden tree and eat. Instantly the poison began to work and corrupt within me; for I left him late, and on going home, finding my sisters had gone to bed, I thought I could not rest till morning to attack them as I myself had been attacked; and when I gained opportunity, endeavoured, by rant, boldness, and boasting, to poison them with the same abominations I had now imbibed.

I continued in this state, a proud infidel boaster, till I went to a place called Mohill, in the county of Leitrim, in Ireland, on detachment; having, alas, ere this, corrupted many a young man with the poison of infidelity: for I had learned all the jar-

gon, cant, sophistry, and impudence of this system of the devil; and to be thought a clever fellow, and to raise a laugh, I used to ridicule Christ and his religion: but I own it was more out of sinful pride and vanity, than from disrespect in my judgment, or enmity to the character of Christ and his religion. However, I did not, and could not, in any sense, believe his religion or the Bible to be true. I had never read any arguments or books of evidences of the truth of Christianity, nor would I read them; but I had greedily devoured all the infidel writings I could meet with. The fact is, I did not wish to be convinced of the truth of the Bible and the Christian religion. I was an infidel from the love of sin, that I might indulge therein with impunity and liberty, and without fear of evil consequences; and for the same reasons would have been an open professed atheist, but I could not. And I believe in my soul, that every infidel and atheist is so solely from the same motives; and I am persuaded that most of this class of men feel as I did, if they would but tell the truth; but they are ashamed to do so; for, although I launched into all the plea-

asures and sins of the ungodly world, I was miserable ; and, like Milton's Satan, carried a hell within me, from which, no more than from myself, could I escape by change of time, or place, or scene. I knew there was a God, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, holy, righteous, and true. I could not but believe and deeply feel, though I denied it, that there was a judgment day to come, a heaven, and a hell. These truths I never could shake off, and I was, therefore, at times, when not in the intoxication of pleasure and revelry, miserably wretched. There were some simple arguments which, from their reasonableness and truth, always tormented me ; and by means of which I was literally my own tormentor ; or rather my conscience was, which indeed " makes cowards of us all." The arguments were these : namely, If Scripture be true, all my disbelief and rejection of it can never make it false ; and it never has been proved false : which, after all the opposition, and attacks, and sifting it has met with from every quarter, is a negative and presumptive proof that it is true. I reject it solely from necessity, not from choice of judgment or conscience ;

for I know its doctrines are grand, and good, and most worthy of God: whereas the scheme I have embraced, but cannot fully believe, of no future state and annihilation, is putting myself on a level with the beasts that perish, and is base. Now, if I were to be happy hereafter, I should naturally wish, like the Christians, to live for ever, as a recompense for all the pain, misery, and wretchedness of this world: so that I am forced, through necessity alone, to wish (for, after all, I cannot so believe it as to dispel my fears) to be annihilated at death. I therefore embrace the infidel doctrines in opposition to the Scriptures, although I know the infidel doctrines to be bad in themselves, and productive of all evil, and the Scripture doctrines good, and productive of all good; but I reject the Scriptures, because they assert a future hell. Take away the hell, and I will instantly embrace and profess Christianity; for I should like, as would every infidel, if he spoke the truth, to go to heaven, and be happy for ever, whatever that happiness may be. Yea, if there should be no happiness, but merely an exemption from misery, I should like it

above all things, and embrace Christianity for the sake of it; for any thing is better than an eternal hell: and if there really be such a place of punishment, I know I deserve it. And if this be a truth, that there is an eternal hell, then my disbelief, or rather my trying to disbelieve it, but in vain, and rejection of it, cannot make it less true; for, if true in itself, it must ever remain so, which is the very nature of truth.

But, particularly, the following old and simple argument always upset me at once, because it was short and incontrovertible, and embraced the whole of what I have here stated: namely, If the Christian religion be false, the Christian will lose nothing by it, but then will only be on a footing with the infidel, provided infidelity be true: but if Christianity be true, the Christian will gain every thing by it, and the infidel lose every thing; and then infidelity will be proved to be false, and an eternal hell proved for infidels. In short, come what will, which ever be true or false, the Christian can lose nothing by embracing his system; whereas the infidel may lose every thing, if his system prove

false : therefore, the chances are against the infidel, and it is possible, and probable, he may be cast into hell for ever.

This argument used to make me terribly afraid, whenever I reflected upon the subject; for I clearly saw, that, as it was more than probable, and natural, and rational, there was a hell, it was probable, if I lived and died an infidel, I should be in it for ever. These thoughts would put to flight all my boasting, pleasures, and amusements, and dash down the draught of animal happiness from my lips; or, at least, so embitter and poison it, that I was often miserable beyond description; but, through shame and pride, never told my feelings to any one.

When I arrived at Mohill, I had the good providence to be introduced to a truly Christian lady; and, after I had enjoyed her acquaintance a short time, I began to perceive and admire her great excellence. She was so benevolent and kind, and showed such a real interest in my present and eternal welfare and happiness, knowing what were my perverted sentiments, and how wretched I must be, that I soon became intimate enough to unbosom my

whole soul to her, with all its misery. And from the time I first knew her, respecting and admiring Christianity, and its excellence, so vividly manifested in her, I ceased to oppose or ridicule the Christian religion. In short, she so won my confidence and high regard, that I told her sincerely all my past history of infidelity, and all my present wretchedness.

The first time I thus conversed with her, she said, "Mr. W—, I have a strong presentiment, and feel persuaded, that ere a year is passed you will be a true Christian." I replied, "I most sincerely hope you may prove a true prophetess; for I would give worlds to be a Christian, as you are:" for I both knew her excellence and virtues, and that she was ever happy; and my own sin and guilt, and that I was ever miserable.

During my acquaintance with this Christian lady, she used every argument to win me over; and showed that pity, kindness, and compassion, which the gospel proves is the only way to this happy end, "in meekness, instructing those that oppose themselves; if God, peradventure, will give them repentance to the acknowledg-

ing of the truth.” The happy result was, that, in a short time, I found I had no doubts left of the truth of the Scriptures, and that I believed them in my conscience, as I did ever before that fatal night the hoary-headed infidel taught me to disbelieve and reject them.

During three months I had the privilege and happiness of this Christian lady’s kind counsel, and interest in my spiritual welfare, I gradually became more and more sincerely anxious to become a true Christian, such as I knew she was, and to believe with that holy saving faith, of which she used to speak, and proved from Scripture to be the gift and operation of the Holy Spirit on the mind. As yet, however, I could not understand, in the slightest degree, the real meaning of the nature or power of faith, or of spiritual things generally. All was darkness, mystery, and an enigma to me, both as to understanding these things, and feeling their power on my soul. This is agreeable to 1 Cor. ii. 14: “The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually dis-

cerned." Yet she told me, that if I prayed in truth and sincerity, and read the Scriptures in prayer; if I asked, it would be given me; if I sought, I should find; and she was sure I should do so; and that ere long I should possess this spiritual, saving, purifying faith, and be a truly regenerated child of God. This she always affirmed, judging from my sincerity and candour; as I seriously confessed, with sorrow, that I was a sinner, guilty and miserable, and that I longed anxiously to be made a real Christian.

At this time I had many convictions of sin, and began to pray in private for pardon, which I had entirely left off since the night I was corrupted by the old sinner, the deist; and I also think my Christian landlord used sometimes to read the Scriptures and pray with me. I now respected the religion of Christ, and his real disciples. I loved the Saviour (although I could not call him my Saviour) and his children dearly, however poor or mean in life they might be; and, indeed, had gradually done so from the time my first friend took such an interest in my spiritual welfare and happiness.

Shortly after this, my detachment was called to head quarters ; immediately upon which I got leave of absence, and went to pay a visit for several months to my relations in my native island, the Isle of Man.

In the Isle of Man I heard the gospel preached by an old school fellow, the Rev. R. Browne, a minister of a sweet Christian spirit. In his sermons he dwelt much, in a very powerful and energetic manner, on the universal depravity of mankind, the nature and necessity of regeneration, the blood and merits of Christ, and the mercy of the Father through him to the chief of sinners ; and, as his discourses were delivered extempore, they came with the more power to my heart. By constantly attending his ministry, having the benefit of his and other Christian people's society, who used to meet together for social prayer and reading the Scriptures, and by reading good books and tracts, I gradually became influenced, I trust, by the truth as it is in Jesus. As I heard and read the primary fundamental truths on which all real Christians, of all denominations, agree, I learned to pray earnestly to Jesus Christ, under a sense of guilt, now deeply felt, for pardon

and salvation, regeneration and holiness ; and I trust the good work of grace was then begun in my regeneration and conversion of soul to God ; for I was sincere and zealous at that time among all my friends and relations, endeavouring to lead them into the truth, so far as I experimentally knew it. But, although sincere and earnest, I was at this time very dark and ignorant, and, though not knowingly or allowedly, very legal.

Shortly after this he came to St. Helena, where he met with a valuable Christian friend, W—e. At this time the subject of this narrative was very fond of controversy on some disputed points ; and as he thought he could easily beat his friend in argument, he often tried to lead him into controversial discussion. Instead, however, of encouraging this, his friend remarked :—“ Well, well, W—, I think the Lord is dealing with you ; and therefore he will carry on the work he has begun, and lead you into all truth, and we shall ultimately be agreed.”

I cannot pass by this part of the narrative, without observing how strikingly the

conduct of this judicious friend resembled that of the late Mr. Newton, in his correspondence with the late Mr. Scott, the well-known author of the commentary on the Bible. The latter, at the early period of his inquiries, was equally desirous of engaging Mr. Newton in controversy on certain points on which they differed. This attempt, however, the good man treated in the same way. He saw his friend was sincerely inquiring after the truth, and he had no difficulty regarding the result. That result he had afterwards the satisfaction of seeing fully attained, in finding his justly valued brother brought cordially to embrace those very truths, which, at the commencement of his inquiry, he so much opposed. See Letters to the Rev. Mr. S—, in Cardiphonia.

Though controversy has often been the means of eliciting truth, there is always a danger, especially if conducted in the presence of others, of arguing for victory rather than truth. A remark to this effect, I think, somewhere occurs in the memoirs of the late excellent Henry Martyn. Hence he was always anxious to impress those with whom he conversed with the convic-

tion, that he had only one object in view—their eternal good. This will ever be found the most direct mode to the heart.

Referring to a more advanced period of his Christian knowledge, Lieutenant W— thus writes :—

When I was led to see the true nature and grounds of a sinner's justification before God ; that it was not conditional, but unconditional, and by faith through the righteousness of Christ imputed ; that is, that the sinner upon believing is pardoned, accepted, and invested with a title to eternal life, for the sake of the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, who died, the just for the unjust, to reconcile us to God, through the mercy and sovereign grace of God the Father : when I understood and received this blessed truth, I was quite overwhelmed with that joyous grief which ever accompanies true “repentance not to be repented of.” I now saw clearly that a repenting, believing sinner is completely and eternally justified, through faith, without the deeds of the law ; even through the righteousness of God, who can be (or appear) just, as well as merciful, while “the

justifier of him which believeth in Jesus ;” so that “to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.” Now I plainly saw the meaning of, heartily embraced, and rejoiced in these blessed passages, and multitudes more of the same nature throughout the word of God. They now appeared as with a sunbeam ; and I was only amazed at myself in being so sinfully blind and obstinate as not to understand and receive them before ; and that I could have been so long bewitched as to resist or oppose their plain and obvious meaning.

I now seemed to have got the key of truth, and every passage on these important points appeared clear and obvious. I read as with new eyes and new light, and as with a new faculty altogether. What was I now to conclude from the following passages ? what was I to receive as their simple and obvious meaning ? In Rom. viii. I read, “ Whom he justified, them he also glorified. If God be for us, who can be against us ? Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God’s elect ? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth ? ”

Then Paul affirms he is persuaded that nothing—no created being in heaven, earth, or hell—shall be able to separate the true believer from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. And again, “If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.” But, above all, what was the plain and obvious meaning of Christ himself, who spake as never man spake, and in every sense the whole truth in the very plainest and simplest, yet the most powerful manner, and so as he could not possibly be misunderstood through mere ignorance? Therefore, if language could mean any thing, his must, above all, be the most plain and intelligible. Well, then, I saw the meaning of such passages as these as plainly as if written with light itself; and truly they were spoken by the true Light of the world; namely, “He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, HATH everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. This is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the

Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me HATH everlasting life. Whoso eateth my flesh, etc., hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day," John v. 24; vi. 37, 47, 54. And, in John x. 28, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any" (created being) "pluck them out of my hand."

The immediate effects of this change wrought in me by the Holy Spirit were great. My load of uncertainty, legality, self-righteousness, and unhappiness, was removed entirely, and my soul filled with peace and joy. I was brought as into a new world of being; looked upon the word of God, religion, and all things in the kingdoms of nature and providence, as well as of grace and glory, through a new medium; old things, indeed, in many important senses, had passed away, and all things had become new. And as to love to God in Christ, not only for mercies generally, but these sure, eternally sure mercies, my heart was ready to burst its bounds; and now, in deed and in truth, I felt power-

fully the words of Jesus to Mary: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much," Luke vii. 47. Full assurance of faith and hope filled my soul, and I felt as already in heaven. Now I could say, with Paul, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith," Phil. iii. 8. Now I felt I had power, through Christ strengthening me, to rush into the midst of the battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to give a helping hand to others. Oh! truly those say falsely, who affirm that these are doctrines tending to laxity of moral and spiritual conduct and life: surely those who have felt their power, (and they only can give an opinion,) can testify to the very reverse, and assert that they inspire, under the Spirit's teaching, the Christian soldier's heart to begin and continue to fight the good fight of faith unto death. And why? because he has been assured

by the Captain of his salvation that he shall gain the victory, and come off “more than conqueror through him that loveth him.” Of that he is assured by the immutable oath of his God and Saviour when he begins the contest : and, oh ! surely this will make him fight manfully and courageously, even though he were a coward before through his doubts, and fears, and uncertainty of victory.

CONVERSION OF MR. —, OF THE
MEDICAL STAFF, AND CAP-
TAIN T—.

THE following account of the conversion of an officer, who died many years ago, I received from a gentleman on the medical staff in the British army. But as this gentleman's own history is not less interesting, as containing a signal display of Divine grace, than that of his military friend, I shall first notice some of the leading circumstances attending his own change of sentiments with which he has favoured me.

Mr. — says :

“I had naturally no tendency to religious melancholy, or indeed melancholy of any kind ; but was rather much attached to scenes of merriment and gaiety. When my regiment was quartered in —, a small town in Scotland, I became without being able to account for it, or to mark any particular means, deeply affected with a

sense of guilt. I was particularly impressed with my base ingratitude to that Almighty Being, who had graciously preserved me in various situations of danger in which I had been placed, and I was involved in the greatest spiritual distress.”

I may introduce, here, some instances of the goodness of God in preserving him in scenes of danger, which Mr. — particularly mentioned to me.

He accompanied the late and lamented Sir John Moore, in the retreat to Corunna. He was waiting on another officer, Sir W. M., who had got his arm shot off by a cannon ball, when he was called to attend Sir John, and was employed, along with others, in laying him down on his pallet, from which he never rose. The danger to every one in that field was very great.

Another case, was one of those signal preservations, where the superintending care of Providence was most manifest in leading the blind in a way that they know not. The regiment to which Mr. — was attached, was ordered to the North Sea, in three transports, the Aurora, the Pelican, and the Maria. The Aurora,

head-quarter ship, was the preferable vessel, as the colonel of the regiment and his staff sailed in it. Mr. — was at first put on board the Aurora, but, without knowing the reason, he was afterwards sent to the Pelican. He was, indeed, called to visit the colonel in the Aurora, on account of the delicate state of his health. But as it was necessary for him to leave the regiment, and go ashore at Portsmouth, Mr. — was sent back to the Pelican, rather to his disappointment and mortification. When they arrived at the North Sea, near Heligoland, a dreadful storm arose, and the commodore made signals to all the transports to run into the first port they could find. The Aurora ran upon a sand bank, and all on board perished. It was only by pieces of the wreck being found floating, that the loss of the transport was discovered. The Maria ran on a rock, near the coast of Holland, and only a few got into the boat, and reached land. The Pelican was the only one of the three that escaped, and got safely into Deal.

To the above, I may add another very remarkable preservation which Mr. — experienced. At Lugo, a considerable

town in Spain, in which there was a convent, the French and British armies were within sight of each other. The British were posted not far from the town, and in order to get the start of the enemy, who were harassing them on their retreat, Sir John Moore ordered them to leave their fires burning, and to go off under cover of night. The British army took a sort of by-road through the fields, under the direction of guides, in order to reach the main road by a shorter course. "We had sad rough work of it," says Mr. —, "moving on in the dark. I was riding a capital Spanish horse, in company with some of the officers, when information came that a soldier had broke his leg, and that I must accompany him back to the convent at Lugo, where the sick were left. The major said he would accompany me, and after leaving the man in the convent, where there was medical assistance, we would return to the army. In returning, the soldier was put on one horse, while the major and I rode the other. But as we approached Lugo, I thought it best to ride forward to prepare the surgeon in the convent to receive the patient, while he

and the major should come on at their leisure. The convent was surrounded with a sunk area, which appeared to be ten or twelve feet deep, at least, with the wall of the convent on the one side, a stone wall on the other, and pavement in the bottom. There was hardly any parapet, and in the dark my horse went fairly into it. I got a dreadful shock by the fall, and soon found myself lying by my horse. He soon got to his feet; and I apprehensive that some of my bones must have been broken, gradually attempted to rise. To my astonishment, (though, alas! then no other emotion was produced,) I soon discovered that not only was no bone broke, but not even a bruise or a scratch received. The inhabitants of the convent were soon alarmed, but the question was, how my horse was to get out of the area. It was a most tractable animal, and as there were stairs up from the kitchen, with which it communicated, it came up them almost like a cat. I committed my man to the care of the surgeon left in the convent, and, with the major, rode back to the regiment. When the circumstances were mentioned, I was congratulated as a wonderfully lucky

fellow, to make such an escape ; but, at that time, I and those around me looked no farther.” He continues his narrative:—

“ I felt my guilt, and saw my danger ; but, as yet, I knew nothing of the method of recovery. I viewed myself as a victim of the Divine displeasure, on account of sin ; and as I was conscious that I was deeply adding to my transgressions, while I was afraid to live, I was equally afraid to die.

“ About this time, I married an amiable young woman, whom God has been pleased to remove from me many years ago. Though I had every thing in my external circumstances to make me happy, I was a stranger to happiness, and spent my days in misery. I do not know, if the expression in Scripture applies to such a case, “ A wounded spirit who can bear ? ” but I am sure such language was very applicable to my case. I endeavoured, as much as possible, to conceal the cause of my distress from my wife, but to conceal the distress itself was impossible.

“ On one occasion, I rode out to see the general of the regiment, who lived in the

neighbourhood. He was from home, but I found his lady, and while conversing with her, in the drawing-room, I dropped down in a fainting fit, which, as my general health was then good, I had reason to think was greatly occasioned by the excessive agitation of my mind. It may well be supposed, that this produced no small confusion in the house; and the first time I was restored to consciousness, I found the general, who had returned from his ride, standing by me, who told me, that he had sent to the town for the surgeon of another regiment that was quartered in the same place, and that I must go home in his carriage. I assured him, that I felt quite well after I was restored, and that I could easily ride home; but he kindly insisted I should comply with his proposal.

“After I got home, my medical attendant, with another gentleman of the profession, waited on me. They proposed some remedies commonly used in such cases; but there was nothing wrong in the bodily frame. I endeavoured to show them this from my professional knowledge; but it was evident my case was one they did not understand.

“After being for some time in this state, I was led to see the Divine excellence of the plan of mercy, and a flood of sacred joy broke in upon my mind. I felt a pleasure in reading the Scriptures, which I cannot describe, and of a kind with which I was before altogether unacquainted. I purchased, at that time, a great many excellent books, calculated to explain them, and took great pleasure in perusing them. I told my wife she was now indeed a happy woman, in being united to one to whom God had shown so much favour. But, when I first mentioned this, the contrast was so striking, that, unable to account for it, and fearing that my mind was somewhat affected, she was quite overcome, and burst into tears. She was soon, however, convinced that it was no temporary illusion, but a real change that I had experienced.

“At this time, I was visited by an excellent minister in the neighbourhood, who quite understood all I said. Indeed, he was the only person I then met with who did so. All my experience was quite out of the beat of the rest of those around me. While he was able to enter into my joy, in

being delivered from the spirit of bondage, into the glorious liberty of the children of God, he kindly suggested many cautions, which, from his acquaintance with the deceitfulness and corruption of the heart, and the temptations to which every Christian is exposed, he knew, and I afterwards found to be very necessary. Since that period, I have experienced many varieties, both in my external circumstances, and in the state of my mind ; but I bless God, I have never lost that stable peace, which I then, for the first time enjoyed, and which rests on the efficacy of that blood of sprinkling, which cleanseth from all sin.

“ In this state of mind, after having been at home for some time, and having lost my wife, I went to join my regiment, then at Gibraltar. There I certainly felt myself very desolate, having no Christian friend with whom I could converse. At last, some of our officers, who had been home, on leave of absence, returned to the Rock ; and one day after their arrival, they were entertaining us at the mess with an account of their voyage. They told us what a jovial set of fellows they had. There was Captain ——, and Colonel ——, etc. ;

but, said one of them, "we had one strange fellow on board, who would preach and pray to us all the way out." This, in no small degree, excited my attention. I took a quiet opportunity of asking the officer who made this remark, if he knew who this strange fellow was. "Oh! yes," said he, "quite well. He is a missionary, just newly come to the Rock." "Could you introduce me to him?" "Certainly. He is quite an easy good sort of man." The officer referred to soon called along with me on this good missionary. I discovered that he was connected with the Wesleyan Society. I found a neat chapel with a dwelling house, in a nook of the Rock that I never saw before. We were kindly received by him, and invited to come again. I did so, and soon joined the society, as I found them the only people I could meet with in that quarter who understood my language, or could enter into my feelings.

"Soon after this, I returned to England, and in London I met with Captain T—, who had just been appointed to a vacancy in the regiment. I saw him to be a most amiable and accomplished young man. I

said nothing at first to him on the subject of religion, but gave him all the information I could respecting the regiment. On my return to Gibraltar I found him there; and I then embraced a suitable opportunity of speaking to him about the salvation of the gospel, declaring my conviction, that there is no real happiness without it. I shall not easily forget his reply. "Well!" said he, "there is certainly not much happiness to be got in this world. I think I have had my own share of it, and I am sure, it is hardly, after all, worth living for."* After this, I put various useful

* This observation powerfully reminds us of the striking language of Lord Chesterfield, on the same subject. "I have run," says his lordship, "the silly rounds of business and of pleasure, and I have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is truly very low; whereas, those who have not experienced, always overvalue them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled with the glare. But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machine. I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admi-

books into his hands. His mind was gradually impressed with Divine truth. I proposed that he should go to the Methodist chapel. "Oh! but," he replied, "what will they say?" I answered, "There is nothing for it, but fairly taking up the cross, and following the Saviour." He did so, in the face of the jeers and ridicule to which he was exposed. Peace and joy soon dawned on his mind, and he explicitly declared that he never knew what true happiness was till then.

"A short time after this, an incident
ration of the ignorant multitude. When I reflect back on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all this frivolous hurry, and bustle, and pleasure of the world had any reality. I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I do, by no means, desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resolution, which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it. I bear it, because I must bear it, whether I will or not; and I think of nothing but killing the time, now he is mine enemy. It is my resolution to sleep in the carriage the rest of my journey."

occurred which put him severely to the test. Captain T— was a sort of favourite with the governor, and, as a token of particular regard, was frequently asked to his private evening parties, where the time was spent in cards, etc. Captain T— now found that to spend time in such a way, was what he could not approve. Accordingly, to the note of invitation sent by the governor's aid-de-camp, he sent a polite refusal. This astonished all concerned. They could not account for it, as they had no conception of the principles by which it was dictated. The note was handed round. It was made the subject of much talk, of much pity, and of much ridicule. But none of these things moved my esteemed friend. He bore all with patience, maintaining a calm and dignified consistency in his Christian character; and instead of reviling again, when reviled, was disposed to pray for such as despitefully used and persecuted him. He remained in this state till he was obliged, on account of bad health, to return to his native land. Here, after remaining about twelve months, he died.”

The only additional information respecting Captain T—, is derived from his correspondence after he returned to England. A few extracts from his letters I here insert, and they will be found to indicate no common measure of attainment, both in point of Christian character and Christian enjoyment.

After describing his voyage home to his friend, who was also his medical adviser, and whom he left at Gibraltar, he thus writes from Falmouth :—

“ I have told you much of my personal ill health, but I have said nothing to you of my spiritual joy. When I suffered from sickness on board, the Lord was truly present to comfort and bless me. I cannot describe the peace and happiness of my mind at that time ; it was full of ease, tranquillity, and comfort. In the intervals of rest I employed myself in composing prayers. When I finished one, I began another. I cannot tell you how the love of God is shed abroad in my heart, or the tenth part of my happiness and enjoyment. Since I left you, I have experienced every thing in all circumstances as

if a person told me, 'Make yourself easy and happy, and all things shall be to your wish.' I have found friends every where, and all things have been put into my hands, without the least trouble or exertion on my part. Indeed, I think myself the happiest man in the world. Every thing smiles. Oh that the world would believe and love Jesus! Devote yourself entirely to so kind and gracious a Lord. You are not more than half devoted yet. Do the world all the good you can; but spend not a moment unnecessarily with them. Be much in meditating, secret prayer; live and walk with Christ, and you will be happy beyond conception. Tell Mr. P—from me, I believe him to be only very partially surrendered to God in Christ, in practical obedience. All the heart, life, property, etc., is required; and he must give it all, or he cannot be truly happy and alive to his best interests. I tell you both, nothing more than I have done, though poorly and imperfectly."

In a subsequent letter he begins thus:—

“To say that I have been much blessed

to this day, is saying but little of the manifest Divine love, care, and peace, which it has been my portion to enjoy since I wrote to you from Falmouth. However, words cannot express the happiness of a Christian in sickness or in health. I humbly desire to ascribe all the great mercies I experience, to free grace, through Christ our glorious Redeemer.”

To another correspondent he thus writes, after having gone for a time to St. Roque, near Gibraltar, for the recovery of his health :—

“The first thing I did on taking possession of my rooms, was to praise God for his goodness, and to ask his blessing ; and I found my heavenly Father present to hear and comfort his unfaithful servant. He filled my mind with sweet and delightful peace. I sometimes think how the world and I shall agree if I get strong again. We were never at such a distance as we have been lately. Every thing is felt by me to be vanity of vanities.

“Your little church has my prayers, that you may see true piety, peace, and

love, flourish more purely than in former days in your congregation. I cannot well be restrained by the rules of frigid prudence, in matters of eternal moment. All persons have my warm love for their true interest, whatever construction they may put upon my actions. I have delightful views of heaven, seeing what a world of trouble I shall leave in leaving the earth. If a person do not labour, he can have no fruit. Labour and enjoyment go hand in hand.”

When he entered his mother's house, he requested them to unite with him in prayer ; and thus observes :—

“When you advised me to establish family prayer, that it would be useful to the family, little did I think it would be useful to my own soul ; but I have proved it to be so. Oh ! how happy am I ! the air, the trees, and every thing smiles on me. There is a charm in every thing I see. Oh ! the happiness of the mind, full of peace and the riches of Divine grace.”

Again he says :—

“ My sickness is scarcely an inconvenience to me. I am full of the love of God, and can leave earth without an inclination for any thing in it. My prospects beyond the grave are delightful, cheering, and bright: and though my wishes would often incline me to depart, and be with Christ, yet I have no desire either to live or die; I am sunk into the Divine will. The reason why people do not enjoy religion, is because they will not implicitly follow their Lord and Master, and they make a thousand excuses, as nothing ought to prevent their carrying their cross boldly against the whole world.”

Referring to the period of his change, Captain T— thus writes:—

“ Having resolved to give my whole heart to God in Christ, and used the means which my Bible pointed out, the Divine blessing attended my endeavours. Mountains of apparent difficulties and imaginary fears vanished. I found myself, in about three or four months, walking in ways of pleasantness, and had peace and joy in believing. My soul was at length filled, and

perfectly satisfied ; and the great end of life, which before had appeared to me a perfect riddle, was now clearly unfolded. Though I know not the exact time when I passed from a state of nature to a state of grace, from a state of darkness to a state of light, yet I felt that I had experienced the new birth ; I had a sense of the remission of my sins, and enjoyed a happiness which I did not formerly think to be possible, and of which I had not the least expectation. During this period, I had some hard struggles with worldly interest, fleshly reasonings, the maxims of fashion, and the opinions and conduct of friends whom I much esteemed. But I reflected, that if I rendered implicit obedience to the commands of God, he would assuredly make me a conqueror over all ; and I have found him ever faithful to his word. The leadings of Providence, whether in reference to religious or civil exercises, when pursued with an entire and implicit faith in my Saviour, have always been followed by a corresponding degree of spiritual growth and blessing.”

Of the reality and magnitude of the

change which had been divinely accomplished in Captain T—, the following extracts will afford satisfactory indications:—

“ For some months, my kind and gracious Master has given me constant peace and joy in believing. How easy are his heavenly commandments, when the Spirit of God witnesseth with our spirits that we are his children! Filial love, and reverential fear, can do all things. This I speak from experience. My heart is enlarged to go to the house of the Lord. Though my private devotions are answered with the smiles of my God, yet I have found greater tokens of his approbation and favour in the public means of grace. I can truly say, that it is my meat and drink to do my heavenly Father’s will. I can pray for my enemies with delight. Oh, what happiness is this! The life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God. I find that I can do all things through Christ strengthening me. I cannot look back on former years without lamentation, when I consider of how much happiness I have deprived myself, by parleying with sin and the world so long. But

mercy, infinite mercy, has found me out; and I am saved by grace. I find it necessary to be constantly on the watch-tower of faith, hope, and love; and constantly depending on my Saviour, I am enabled to begin, continue, and end all my prayers with, "Thy will be done." It is my earnest desire to be fully transformed into his lovely likeness, so that whether I eat or drink, I may do all to his glory. I count all things dross for the knowledge of Christ my Saviour. Oh, may I be a living sacrifice to Him who has redeemed my soul! All my happiness is bound up in his glory. Oh the wonderful effects of grace! Humility has now superseded pride, which concealed itself in my heart, in so many ways, for several years. I now feel a pleasure in sitting at the lowest disciple's feet, to hear the wisdom of God, and to witness the triumphs of grace. The more eminent the piety of his saints, the more strongly and spontaneously is my love attracted towards them.

"Oh, how great is the happiness I enjoy in this implicit trust and daily dependence on God! Oh, what free grace and abundant mercy are displayed to me a sinner!

The Christian's life, I see, is altogether a life of faith. Who can know the constant happiness of an humble and self-denying believer? Many there are who like the Christian's comforts, but they do not like to tread in his path, by sacrificing all they have to the glory of God.

“On reviewing my spiritual state, I have exceeding great cause for thankfulness to God in Christ. I have a clearer discovery of my natural sinfulness, my nothingness, and my imperfections. This brings me low at my Saviour's feet; and I see myself to be an unworthy creature, deserving only hell, on account of my manifold sins; yet am I a monument of his mercy, a sinner saved by grace. I bless my God, I am, and have been ever since my conversion, growing in grace. I have experienced a more stable peace, a more joyous love, a firmer faith, and a brighter hope; and now, thanks be to my heavenly Father, my heavenly mindedness is more constant. My experience is not dark and gloomy; neither do I find in the New Testament that the believer is in that state, or can be so, whilst he lives near to God, and exercises a lively faith in Christ.”

A few weeks before his death, Captain T— was visited by the Rev. John Piggot, a clergyman of the Episcopal church. The following is an account of his interview with him, and some of the expressions that occurred on that occasion :—

“ He was apparently in the last stage of a consumption ; but exceedingly happy in God. After a little conversation, he took me by the hand, and, with the most expressive countenance, addressed me in nearly the following words—‘ Mr. Piggot, I am very happy to see you ; I have long wished to see you, that I might tell you what God has done for my soul. When I review the past, I am filled with astonishment at the goodness of God ; and, be it spoken to the glory of his grace, I am lost in love and praise. Several years I travelled in different parts of our own enlightened country, a stranger to myself, and to that God whom I ought to have loved and served. But, oh ! how signally was the mercy of God displayed in sending me to Gibraltar ! Here I found Him whom my soul loves. Yes, sir,’ he exclaimed, with peculiar emphasis, ‘ my soul loves the Lord

Jesus. I feel that I am justified, and have peace with God, through faith in his blood. I have not lost a sense of his presence, nor of his favour, a moment for twelve months past. I have no particular desire to leave this suffering flesh ; no, I am perfectly content to suffer all the will of God ; yet I feel that to depart, and be with Christ, would be far better.’ After commemorating the dying love of the adorable Redeemer, though he was almost exhausted, and could hardly articulate so as to be heard, yet, with eyes bathed in tears of gratitude, and a heart overflowing with love to God, he said, ‘ Once more have I been permitted to enjoy this blessed privilege on earth, perhaps for the last time.’ After sitting silent a few minutes, looking at me with streaming eyes, he said, ‘ O sir, I have more than heart can wish : here are my mother, my sister, my brothers, and the servants all uniting their study and endeavours to make me happy ; but the best of all is, God is with me ; I feel him with me now.’ Under the influence of these evangelical sentiments, and in this heavenly frame of mind, he was, when I took my leave of him.”

I have introduced a greater number of these extracts than I at first intended ; but I am persuaded they will be most acceptable to every Christian reader. For some of them I am indebted to a memoir of Captain T—, which, at the time of his death, was published in one of the periodicals of the day ; and as the writer of it had access to this excellent man's private journal, he was enabled to give a fuller account of his Christian attainments than could be derived from any other source. My inducement to extend these extracts, is not only that they contain the language of a gentleman in the army, and thus correspond with the design of this volume, but as they present so high a degree of spirituality of mind, they are fitted to be useful.

It is to be hoped, that many who cannot use the same strong language, and are strangers to such exalted feelings of sacred joy, are not less sincere in following the Saviour, though with very unequal steps. But it is useful to contemplate such examples ; they are fitted both to humble and stimulate :—to humble Christians in general, under the inferiority of their own at-

tainments, and to stimulate them to greater zeal, watchfulness, and activity, and to increased fervency in prayer, when they see what has been attained, even in modern times, by men of like passions with themselves. Mrs. More somewhere remarks, that no one is likely to shoot high, who does not aim at a high mark. Let every Christian, then, forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth to those things that are before, "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

THE DYING SOLDIER.

THE following case is communicated by an esteemed minister :

It was during a short voyage, that I became acquainted with Joseph Hughes, a serjeant in the 93d regiment of Highlanders.

My attention was first arrested by his sickly aspect. He was about twenty-six years of age, and, when in health must have had a manly appearance; but his body was now enfeebled, and his countenance pale and wan. There was, nevertheless, in his eye, to which his insidious disease gave more than natural brightness, an expression of intelligent resignation. There was no impatience in his demeanour, yet no insensibility. There was calmness, but no hardihood. It struck me he was not only peacefully resigned, but had good reasons for being so.

This I ventured to hope; yet I could not repress the inquiry, "What if unpre-

pared to meet his God? He is evidently on the borders of another world. In a few days, perhaps, his state for eternity will be unalterable. To-day, however, it may be altered. The case is pressing; how shall I act?"

While I thus pondered, perhaps in guilty hesitation, Providence removed every obstacle to the accomplishment of my half-formed purpose; for, in passing through the cabin towards the deck, I saw the sergeant reading a Testament! My heart bounded, and I gave joyful thanks to God. I soon joined him, and the agreement of our feelings soon showed that we loved the same Saviour.

He informed me, that in early life, although not blessed with religious parents, he had possessed the privilege of receiving the instructions of a faithful Sabbath school teacher.

I inquired if these were the means of leading him to the Saviour.

"Yes," he answered, "they were the first means that were used, and I think they were the most effectual."

"Was your heart impressed while at school?" I asked.

“Oh, not in the least,” he answered, “or, perhaps, I should have reflected longer before I exposed myself to the temptations of a soldier’s life. I was a Sabbath scholar at the time I enlisted.”

“Strange!” I observed, “that while wandering so far from home, and while mixing so young with all your irreligious comrades—with no friend to counsel or guard you—strange that these truths were not driven from your mind!”

“Ah! but,” said he, his whole countenance glowing with emotion, “my Sabbath school teacher never forgot me! Many a time the expression of his earnest desire reached me when in foreign lands; often he added short sentences to my father’s letters, the whole of which, indeed, he often wrote, begging me to care for my soul. Often, often these entreaties were repeated; and, like one drop after another upon the hard stone, they left marks behind them.”

“And you were softened at last?”

“Ay, sir, at last. I had a kind teacher, and a still kinder Saviour. For the Saviour saw that I should resolutely stand out against him, while I remained in the

company of my thoughtless comrades. So he took me aside—he left me alone. There happened to be a small station in one of the West India islands, which required only a few soldiers, and I was appointed to it. It was a dreary place. It was a wilderness. But it blossomed like the rose before I left it. I began, almost as soon as I came to it, to reflect very much; and as I reflected, I began to get uneasy. I thought much of the shortness of life, and the coming of a day of judgment; and these thoughts, along with the dullness of the station, made it more agreeable than otherwise to read my Bible. I always thought the Bible was dull, and I guessed that it would just suit me. So it did: but in a different way from what I expected. Every verse I read brought some recollections of the sabbath school; and the more my mind was filled with such thoughts, the more miserable I became. The truth is, my case could not bear examination. God and I were opposed to each other: how could I be otherwise than wretched?

“There was a small company of pious soldiers who met together for religious

conversation, and kept some religious books for lending to their fellow soldiers. They were stationed in another island, and to them I wrote, begging the loan of a book. This request they joyfully complied with; and they did more than this, for they sent me a little encouragement. Oh, precious words! They were like cold water to a thirsty soul? It was strange, that before this time, although I had often heard of Jesus Christ, I never saw his infinite value to a sinner. Every prayer I offered ended 'for Jesus' sake,' yet the truth never struck me after all.

"Now I began to see that unless Jesus had died, all expectation of mercy was vain, and the very hope that a holy and just God would ever bless a sinner, had something awfully presumptuous in it: it was hoping that God would lie, and act contrary to his whole character; 'For he is of purer eyes than to behold evil,' Hab. i. 13; and 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die,' Ezek. xviii. 4. But when I saw that the Saviour died, then came the beauty of the words, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.' Oh, the lovely

plan! God is honoured, and the sinner saved, by the same Redeemer. For Christ hath 'magnified the law,' and 'he who believeth in him shall never be ashamed.'"

After hearing this pleasing account, I became desirous to know how far the reason which soldiers often give for not bearing the Christian profession, was a just one. I therefore asked, if he found it difficult to make known his Christian character, after being removed to a more populous station.

He frankly said, that, at first, he had great difficulty; "for," observed he, "I was proud, and could not bear to be looked down upon, and considered weak. But I could not help going forward, and soon the jokes grew old, and the jeers less frequent, and I was at last allowed to take my own way."

"You do not think, then," I added, "that there are serious obstacles to a Christian profession in the ranks."

"Oh, no! no! True, if a man be insincere, if he appear religious just to please his superior officer, or so, he is sure to be made wretched: and a real Christian, if he is inconsistent, will be wretched too;

for the soldiers are always on the watch. But let a man show that love to Christ rules his whole conduct; let him be honourable, and regular, and obliging, and he is sure to be respected. He may sometimes be falsely accused, and dealt unfairly with; but his patience will outlive that: and the more opposition he outlives, not only the more strength does he get to his soul, but the more respect he gets from ungodly companions. Oh that every soldier were but a Christian !”

Thus our short, but interesting conversation closed. It was Saturday night on which it was held. On the next day the weather was uncommonly fine, and our vessel reposed quietly on the water, which was nearly calm. In these favourable circumstances we assembled on deck to worship God. A Bible was placed on the companion,* which had been covered with a large flag, and a considerable number of soldiers and sailors, and others, gathered reverently around it. We offered fervent prayer, that this peaceful Sabbath might

* A sort of wooden perch placed over the staircase of the master's cabin.

prove a true spiritual rest to all our souls ; and when we lifted up our voices, one might have supposed that the smooth waters rejoiced to be the bearers of our praise to their great Creator. When the Scripture was read, solemnity was added to the calm ; for the thoughtfulness well became us all when we heard it said of the Divine Saviour of guilty men, “ He is despised and rejected of men—he was despised, and we esteemed him not,” Isa. liii. 3. Oh may the pages of God’s book of remembrance reveal, that some one on that occasion, and some one while reading these pages, ceased to reject, and began to love the Saviour !

Immediately after the close of the service, the sails of our vessel, urged by gentle breathings of wind, began to strike the masts. Soon the breeze filled them. It came from a favourable direction, and afforded gratification to all. The coincidence between the conclusion of our worship, and the commencement of the favourable breeze, seemed, I thought, to dispose several who were not previously so inclined, to read some tracts with which they were supplied, so that, during the

remainder of the day, the deck was scattered with open tracts, and enlivened by animated countenances.

The serjeant was not upon deck. The air was too strong for his weakened lungs. I therefore hastened to his cabin, to give him information of our services, as I thought he would be pleased to know that others had enjoyed a privilege, although it was denied to him. But I was mistaken in this latter particular, for as I turned to descend, there sat the serjeant upon the cabin stairs; and there he had been during all the service. The exertion, however, of sitting, and the slight excitement which his feelings had experienced, made him extremely weak, and he retired to rest.

On my return shortly afterwards, he said, "I have an uncommon thirst to-day." Misunderstanding him, I said I would procure some water; when he answered, "It is not that water, it is heavenly water that I need. I long to be filled with the riches of Jesus Christ. Without Him I have no happiness, and without all I can obtain from Him, I cannot feel satisfied."

I inquired if he had much enjoyment in the presence of his Saviour.

“Yes,” he answered, “when this weary body does not weaken; but much is the pain I suffer because of the seasons when my thoughts lag far behind. This is my greatest affliction, my great sin. It distresses me much.”

I observed, that perhaps it should not be called a sin, because God had weakened his body; and if we loved him with all our strength, even when small, it was all that he required. As I had not done so before, I ventured to ask whether he thought that he should soon see “Jesus as he is,” in a higher world?

“Oh, yes,” he replied; “I am nearly gone to him.”

“The prospect,” I remarked, “must be pleasing, for then we shall ‘love him as we ought.’”

“Ah, yes,” he said; “but how feeble is my faith!”

I observed, “We may draw happiness from the thought, that both what we suffer, and the length of time that we do suffer, depend on the perfect will of God.”

“O man!” (a common expression with

the Scotch, when the magnitude of the feeling exceeds every smaller distinction,) "Oh man!" with great energy he exclaimed, "that is it; that is just my resting-place. I am here because my heavenly Father wishes me to be here; I suffer because he wishes it; and I shall die whenever he gives the word. Sweet repose I have on that truth."

The ingenuousness and humility displayed by this trembling, but true believer, were very pleasing. He had no rapturous feelings; but he had the "spirit of adoption," whereby he could call the great Sovereign of all, his Father; and upon the mere will of this Sovereign Father, he was contented to repose. Truly, if a soldier implicitly submits to the mere will of his commander, well may a Christian submit to his God. He is possessed not only of unquestionable authority, but of perfect love. "Oh, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will!" said another Christian. "Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me; for I have no desire but that God's will may be accomplished."*

* Payson.

The breeze which we received at noon increased to a gale as the night approached. It drove us rapidly before it, until early on the second day, having completely spent itself, we were left becalmed and motionless, within sight of our haven. The morning was extremely beautiful, and peace and gratitude were shed over our spirits.

Having now resumed his usual military habit, the serjeant came and reclined his feeble frame upon a seat on the deck, and expressed feelings of lively gratitude for his present peaceful circumstances. While viewing with much interest the different objects around him, and while his attention was directed to two lofty peaks which indicated the place of his nativity, a gentleman on board, whom I knew to be unacquainted with Christian feeling, being attracted by his sickly and intelligent appearance, kindly said to him,

“You must be happy indeed to see your native hills again, my friend?”

Slowly turning his pale countenance, he said, calmly and pleasantly, “No, sir; I shall have done with them all soon.”

Strange was the look of mingled sur-

prise and suspicion, which the gentleman sent towards me, while he seemed to say, "Can this be true?"

Yes, it was true! With perfect collect-
edness could he contemplate death. Sound
reason had he to expect a peace more calm,
more grateful to the wearied spirit, than
any that the earth affords. His conversa-
tion was in heaven; and this incident
proved that his feelings were so near akin
to those of the purified and the perfect,
that he had already ranked the scenes
of this world among the "former things"
which had "passed away," Rev. xxi. 4.
Reader! you cannot but wish that your
latter end may be like his. O then begin,
as he did, by carrying your sins to the
Saviour!

In a short time we crossed the bay in
which our vessel was anchored, and landed
within a few miles of the serjeant's house.
I was unsuccessful in procuring a seat in
the stage suited to his weak frame, and he
therefore was seated on the top. As with
some effort, I stretched my hand upwards
to bid him a last farewell, the thought was
natural, "My friend will soon, soon be ex-
alted far above all the attentions of any

friend on earth." Speedily was this accomplished! Fourteen short days afterwards he left the world!

After having seen his parents, who were anxiously waiting his arrival, his solicitude speedily turned towards his former Sabbath school teacher. He was the only Christian friend he had in his native land. He was the one on earth, whom he especially longed to see; for kind as were his parents, they could not, alas! at that time, sympathize with his Christian feelings. His teacher still lived, and he still loved his now Christian pupil, but he lived at a distance, and at this time he was confined by sickness, so that the last and fondest earthly wish of the dying soldier was not gratified. "Nevertheless," says the kind teacher, "I did not forget him, but wrote to him, and encouraged him to 'hold fast the beginning of his confidence firm unto the end;' and his last message to me was, 'All my hopes rest upon Jesus, who died for my guilty soul.'"

HISTORY OF
CORPORAL MURRAY,
OF THE FIFTH REGIMENT, U. S. INFANTRY.

ABRIDGED FROM A TRACT, PUBLISHED BY
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JAMES MURRAY was a native of Ireland. His parents resided a few miles from Belfast, and were in very respectable circumstances in life. There he received the rudiments of a good education, as it was the wish of his parents to establish him in some mercantile employment.

In religious belief they were followers of the Romish church, and they trained their children in the same faith. From his school, where he had acquired some knowledge of the Latin and Greek, he was sent at an early age to Belfast, where his brothers were then engaged in profitable business. There he was apprenticed to an apothecary, with whom he remained three years. From that station he was sent to

the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Glasgow, Scotland ; but he remained there only a short period, when, without the knowledge of his parents, he shipped for America. The reasons which induced him to take this rash step are not now known with certainty. It is probable that among them were a roving spirit and the flattering hope of accumulating wealth. In this last he was disappointed ; but his failure may have been the means of securing to him an eternal treasure.

In company with another, soon after reaching Canada, he opened in Quebec a store of drugs and medicines, of which he had considerable knowledge.

Not succeeding in this business, discouraged and heart-broken, he wandered from place to place, a stranger in a land of strangers ; and at length, wishing to forget his folly, his parents, and his native country, he enlisted as a soldier in the United States army at Boston, in the year 1830.

Removed to the wild frontier, a thousand miles west from the place of his enlistment, exposed to temptations in every form, and wishing to cast oblivion over his past life, he often indulged in the most

brutal intoxication. Frequent exposure and hardships, brought upon himself by that course of utter folly, soon undermined his strong constitution, and planted the seeds of disease which has so early terminated his life. Yet the intelligence and skill of Murray soon drew the attention of his officers, and he was promoted to the rank of corporal.

It was in the autumn of 1832 that my personal acquaintance with Corporal Murray commenced. Company "A" arrived at Fort Brady in October of that year. They had heard of the blessed outpouring of the Spirit of God which we had enjoyed the winter and spring previous; that most of the officers of that post, and many of the enlisted men, had been converted, and had publicly professed their faith in Christ; that ardent spirits had been entirely excluded from the Fort; and that most of the men had also given up the pernicious beer.

Their curiosity was of course excited about these "strange things." For a time they watched cautiously the influence of these temperance measures and prayer meetings upon the character of soldiers;

but soon some of them were led to wish they could share the happiness they saw their companions in arms enjoying. They were convinced that there is a joy in the duties of piety which they had never experienced, and that the religion of Christ is fitted to bless men in every condition in life ; that it can give comfort in the barracks as well as in the quiet dwelling ; in the camp as well as in the cottage ; on the wild frontier as well as in the peaceful village. The first step in reform, with many of them, was to add their names to the Temperance Society.

In that distant out-post, near where the magnificent Lake Superior empties its crystal waters through the broad, translucent river St. Mary, withdrawn from the more busy scenes of public life, and removed from many of the temptations to drink, with which they had long been surrounded, they found it comparatively easy to make the pledge of total abstinence, and to keep it. Corporal Murray was among the first in company " A " that joined the Temperance Society.

Being a Roman Catholic, he at first ridiculed the religious meetings ; and instead

of attending them, used to go to the quarters of an Irish family next door, and pass the time which we devoted to the worship of God, in card playing. While we begged the Lord to forgive them, we could hear their fearful oaths and senseless laugh. In profaneness, I am told, he had then hardly his equal in the camp. One night he was determined to break up our praying by his oaths and noise. In this he did not succeed. Afterwards, when he looked back on that scene with shame and grief, he said: "I did not know what I was doing."

I was first led to inquire the name of this man, by seeing his manly form and generous features regularly at church on the Sabbath. And with great pleasure I learned that he had so far cast off the trammels of his Romish education as to listen with a degree of interest to the word of God.

Besides attending the public worship on Sabbath, he was at length brought into the Bible Class. The pleasing, solemn scenes of that post-school-house, where we studied together "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," many will never forget. The

truths there heard, I doubt not, will prove to many a "savour of life unto life;" and thus be remembered to eternity.

It was there the Lord convinced Murray of sin, and showed him that all the ceremonies of the Romish church were in vain to his salvation. For a time he thought if he became moral, broke off drinking, swearing and Sabbath breaking, and did what the world calls honourable, he should secure heaven; but then he had not seen the depravity of his heart, his entire natural pollution, and the necessity of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. He long concealed his feelings, too proud to acknowledge that he was seeking peace from religion. Then he was loud in arguments and full of cavilling against the truth. But conscience would not sleep. It was as a fire shut up in his bones. He saw the operations of the Spirit on the minds of others. Some of his companions were rejoicing in the hope that God had forgiven their sins, and others were asking what they should do to be saved.

In the spring of 1833 his feelings were such that he could conceal them no longer. He had been so opposed to religion that

his associates could hardly believe him sincere when he told them he was resolved to seek the Lord. Yet his deep solemnity and perseverance soon convinced them that he was not trying to deceive.

With great pleasure I learned that he wished to be instructed in the way of life. With deep emotion he told me how conscious he was of his lost condition, and begged to know if there was mercy for such a sinner. He thought, he said, that he was willing to submit to God, but that God would not receive him. But the true reason why he was not accepted is contained in these words of Christ: "Ye will not come to me that ye may have life."

I knelt and prayed with him, begging the Lord to break the chains of sin, and deliver him from that device of Satan which has destroyed so many souls; but he arose, with others in the same state of mind, yet unsubdued. For days they remained in this darkness, inclined to cast the blame of their impenitence on God. The difficulty was, that they yet depended on themselves, and feared to trust their all to Christ. They would not, like the sinking Peter, feel that there was no hope except

in the power and mercy of the Saviour, and cry confidently, "Lord, save; I perish!" They feared to trust their souls to Jesus.

But, thanks to our almighty Saviour, they at length saw their error; and some found peace and joy in believing. In one of our delightful Bible-Class meetings, corporal Murray hoped that his sins were forgiven; and that, unworthy as he was, he had been accepted for Christ's sake. As he told me of his hope, my soul, that had travailed for him, rejoiced exceedingly, and I could have fallen on his neck to kiss him, when I looked upon him as created anew in Christ Jesus. In a brief time he was again surrounded with clouds and fears, until, while reclining one night on his bunk in the guard-room, and offering ceaseless prayer to be enlightened from above, he hoped he was truly renewed by the Holy Ghost.

When I next met him, he said: "I think I have good news for you;" and joy beamed in his countenance as he spoke. In describing that scene, he said: "The feelings of my heart remind me of that part of our Saviour's instructions to Nicodemus:

‘Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth ; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.’ ” I could not but rejoice in the hope that he had been thus born.

The last Sabbath of April following he publicly professed his faith in Christ with several of his companions, and sat down to the table of the Lord with the little band of believers which had been gathered at this distant point, and which, eight days after, was scattered over this frontier, never again to meet as a church, till all who then partook worthily, shall meet in heaven, to feast at the great supper of the Lamb.

Sixteen months have now passed since that solemn, pleasing day. With excited hopes and many fears for the lambs of the scattered flock, who were thrown into scenes of trial, in a few days from that event we landed at Chicago and entered the Fort. None entered it with a more healthful countenance or a firmer step than Corporal Murray ; but he is the first of that band of professed soldiers of the

cross whose death we have been called to mourn.

Though, after his arrival here, temptation came in new and ever-varying forms, and on that account tenfold more dangerous, yet, by the grace of God, he was able to resist and come off more than conqueror.

Though, before conversion, he was notoriously and awfully profane, since then not an oath has been heard from his lips. Though before often intoxicated, and at times apparently past hope, he has since entirely abstained, not only from ardent spirits, but from wine, strong beer, and all inebriating drinks. He saw that these enemies had cast down many wounded; that the first drink generally broke the charm, and was followed by inevitable ruin; and his resolution never to touch or taste remained unshaken to the hour of death. By grace he was saved, through faith.

Although, previous to his conviction of sin, a strong supporter of the Romish church, he has since looked upon it as the deceiver of the nations; as "that man of sin, the son of perdition, who opposeth

and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." He deplored the influence of this faith over his native country, and feared that his parents were still enslaved in its iron fetters.

Even the enemies of the faith in which he died are constrained to confess that, from the time of his making a religious profession he maintained an untarnished name. Sweet is the memory of the just.

Though previous to his moral change, he thought that by his own good works, he could secure eternal life; since then he has ever felt that all our righteousness is but filthy rags; that he could be accepted of God only on account of the merits and atonement of Christ.

As a Christian, he was meek and retiring, yet firm and unwavering. Where others fell to the fearful wounding of the cause of the Lord, he, sustained by grace, stood unshaken. Let who else would be absent from church, his place was regularly filled when not detained by duty or sickness. Rarely was he absent from our evening prayer meeting. And never was

a word of accusation brought against Corporal Murray by brother or enemy. Yet he had sad occasion to weep over the backsliding of many around. When speaking of the inactivity and remissness of some professed Christians, I once said to him: "Do these things make you doubt the truth of religion?" He replied with a pleasing firmness: "O no, sir, no; I have that within me that will not let me doubt."

As a soldier, he was a pattern of faithfulness and punctuality. Pleased to obey every command of his superiors, he was strict in requiring obedience from those whom it was his duty to command. Though educated for a very different station in life from that which he at last filled, in this he was contented and happy, after he had learned, from experience, the true source of peace of mind, in the service of the Lord. And in this he intended to remain till he had kept his oath to serve the United States five years faithfully. Those years were fast passing away, and he was beginning to anticipate pleasure in civil life, as a teacher or farmer, when he was unexpectedly discharged from his warfare by death. From the army on earth we

trust he has been transferred to the hosts of heaven; from the ranks of enlisted men, to the privileges of God's elected sons.

On Thursday, September 11, Major W. came to inform me of his illness. "Corporal Murray," said he, "and another man are very sick, and the physicians pronounce their disease cholera."

I hastened to the hospital and found the men in extreme pain. The features of Murray were ghastly; his flesh seemed to have vanished; the pain of his cramped limbs was severe, and a constant hiccough indicated a fearful stage of disease.

His first remark, as I took his cold clammy hand, was; "I believe I am about to leave you, Mr. ——."

"It may be so; but I hope the Lord will please to spare you. How do you feel in this near prospect of death?"

"It does not look fearful," he replied; "I am not afraid to die."

"Your confidence at this hour is in Christ, I trust."

"In Christ only—only through his merits do I hope for acceptance."

His incessant hiccoughing made it im-

possible for him to say much. After praying with him, asking only that the will of the Lord might be done, I turned to mark his feelings. His hands were still clasped and raised in the attitude of prayer, and his eyes fixed as if beholding glory, invisible to those around him.

His actions and his words exhibited a cheerful resignation to the will of God. When allowed to quench his burning thirst with a spoonful of barley-water or a few drops of ether, he said to me: "This is a small allowance; my heart is burning in me."

"Yes," said I; "but how enviable is your condition, compared with theirs, who, in the lake of fire, call in vain for a drop of water to cool their burning tongues."

"Yes, yes," he replied, "I hope that may never be my case."

Sabbath noon, one week from the day we had been present together at the commemoration of the Saviour's death, I conversed with him for the last time. Still his confidence was in Christ Jesus, with whom he hoped to reign for ever and ever. In referring then to that last opportunity of communing with the people of God,

and contemplating the prospects of soon meeting his ascended Lord at his table in heaven, he had strong consolation. Death was making rapid progress; and the friend whose spiritual life I had watched with so much interest from the hour of his new birth, could hardly be aroused from the fearful sleep that was stealing upon him. At times he was in a measure delirious. After this interview he had no rational conversation with any one. In moments of mental wandering, however, he spoke of deliverance from sin; and once, with great beauty and confidence, exclaimed, as though conscious of present pain and sure of speedy relief—"There's rest hereafter; I'll go bail for it."

When I called on Monday morning, September 15, 1834, he had just ceased to breathe; he had "fallen asleep."

"His languishing head was at rest—
Its thinking and aching were o'er."

It was pleasant to think, as I looked upon his noble features, silent in death, that his soul was now enjoying the society of the redeemed in heaven.

“Many die as sudden, few as safe.”
Reader! Would you meet death in peace;
would you shout victory as you enter the
deep waters? would you triumph over
death, the last enemy of the redeemed?
Seek now an assurance that the Saviour is
your friend. Be faithful and honest with
yourself and your God. Repent, and be-
lieve on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you
shall be saved.

ACCOUNT OF A YOUNG OFFICER
IN THE AMERICAN ARMY.

EXTRACTED FROM "THOUGHTS ON RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE," BY THE REV.
A. ALEXANDER, D. D.*

THE writer of the following narrative, is a young officer of high promise, belonging to the American army. It is a pleasing thing to find that men, who, by their profession, are commonly far removed from the usual means of grace, are not beyond the reach of the divine mercy. It is much to be desired that both our army and navy should be supplied with a competent number of pious and exemplary chaplains; but this want seems to be very little felt, and therefore is very imperfectly provided for. When men of either of these professions embrace religion, they are commonly remarkable for the eminence of their piety.

* Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

The fact is, that they are exposed to so much ridicule and opposition, that unless their religious impressions were strong, and their resolutions firmly fixed, they would not be able to stand up against the opposing current.

This narrative will at least encourage the hearts of pious parents, who have sons in exposed situations, not to despair of their conversion, but to be incessant in their prayers, that God would graciously follow them with the strivings of his Holy Spirit, and in due season bring them to the foot of the cross. And may it not be a good opportunity to remind all praying persons, that in the variety of their intercessions, the young men in our army and navy should not be forgotten? As long as such institutions are needed, they who are set for the defence of our country, by sea and land, should not be forgotten in the prayers of Christians and of the church.*

“I entered the Military Academy in 1828. As was customary with my parents,

* The Presbyterian Board of Publication have published a Manual of Devotions for the use of Soldiers and Sailors.

I was furnished with a Bible, with the injunction to read it often, and make it the rule of my life. Like most other youths, however, I kept it in my trunk; and I blush while I say it, I do not believe that during the whole time I was there, four years, I took it out to read more than six times; and then, probably, I had a desire to, if I did not actually, conceal the act from my room-mates around me. How strange the aversion to that good Book, and yet how general this antipathy in the thoughtless around us! I must confess, however, that though my aversion to it was strong, I had a firm belief in its truth, and though in such a body of young men, I could not, but now and then, hear an effort on the part of one or another around me, to convince himself of its untruth, yet, I must say, that I could never get rid of the fear of God in my heart, or of the firm conviction of the truth of his word. Still, however, I graduated an impenitent sinner; and being let loose from scholastic restraint, and left to my own guidance, like most other youths under the same circumstances, I followed the ways of pleasure and worldly gratification.

“After graduating, in 1832, I went home. But, alas, how changed! My father and brother had both gone during my absence, to that bourne from which no traveller returns. Their spirits had fled—it is hoped to heaven. I did not see them in their dying hours; but their spirits, though gone, still spake. I was told of the anxiety they both expressed, just before death, on my account; and in particular the reply of my father, to the question asked him, if he had any word to send me: ‘No, only to read my letters,’ was his reply. Yes, father, I have read those letters, and long shall they be treasured up in recollection of thy solicitude. But I must continue my narrative. Though the scenes at home, this visit, were impressive, yet they did not result in producing within me the conviction that I was a sinner. I left my home again as impenitent as I had come. This time my sister furnished me with a Bible, with the prayer written in it, that I ‘would make it the rule of my conduct and the guide of my life.’ As before, I stowed it away in my trunk; thence scarcely, if ever at all, to come out. Probably for years together, I

did not so much as look into it, and during all this time, except when at home, I was as much a stranger to the church, as I was to the Bible. Indeed, what is more shameful, in 1836, I, in some unaccountable way, lost my Bible; so that, from that time till the latter part of the year 1838, or during an interval of two years, I was entirely without one: and during all this time, besides having no Bible, (I did not dream of buying one,) I was so situated, at least for much the greater portion of the time, that I could not have access to any church. I was serving with the army, against the Indians at the South, and every one knows how ill calculated an active life in the field is to produce serious impressions. Still, I may say, during all this time I had the fear of God before my eyes; though not to such an extent as to cause me to love and serve Him, or to cut off any of my darling pleasures. And yet how good the Lord was! Though I went on sinning, day after day, and was often thrown into discussion with infidels around me, who strove their utmost to argue or laugh me out of what they would call my early prejudices, and though I indulged in reading

infidel productions, Tom Paine's work among the number, yet still His Spirit would strive with me, and would not give me entirely over to my own devices.

“I returned North in the fall of 1838, and again saw my widowed mother; her who had nurtured me with a Christian's care, and who had early instilled into me those religious principles and feelings, which, by the grace of God, had never been entirely lost to me, and to which under the same spiritual influence, I must attribute my having been kept from utterly falling away. I saw her again, exhibiting as before, the chastening influences of the religion she professed. The same calm and resigned countenance; the same sweet smile of welcome, still showed the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit upon her heart. I thought I could see the workings of her feelings in my behalf; and I could not but imagine that in every look she gave me, she offered up a prayer on my account.

“I left her for a station North. I may say I went away this time with better feelings than I ever did before. I had had, by this time, some experience of the world, and had already thought of the nothing-

ness of its pleasures; and, besides, the calm, peaceful, and happy deportment of my mother, made me anxious to become a partaker also of religion. I went away with the firm determination of at least looking more into the Bible, and of thus taking the first step towards making myself better. Another sister, this time, on my leaving her, presented me with a Testament. This, when I got to my station, I read, or attempted to read, every evening. I tasked myself to one chapter. But a late return from a party, or ball, would cause me to defer it till the morning; and then if the breakfast bell should arouse me from my slumbers, I would neglect it till the evening. And so, between the parties and balls, and indolence in the morning, my reading of the Testament was very irregular. But still, I had a great respect for religion, and admired the truths of the gospel. I would always uphold good principles of conduct in those around me, and would as often reprobate those that were bad. But all my ideas of virtue were founded on a wrong basis. I believed that it was in the power of every individual, of himself, to do good and

eschew evil. And, therefore, when I did see good principles in those around me, my admiration was upon the individual himself and not upon the Holy Spirit who restrained him; and when I saw wickedness in those around me, my condemnation, (and my self-righteousness could not make it too strong,) was upon the individual, and not upon the sin which impelled him.

“But still, though I strongly criticised the conduct of others, upholding the good and denouncing the bad; yet I felt that I was not a Christian, in the Bible sense of the term. I knew this from my utter inability to pray. On retiring, I had often attempted to realize the overshadowing presence of a God above me; but all was hard, dark, and impenetrable. I could not realize the existence of an all merciful Saviour. During all this time, I regularly attended divine service, at least once a day, every Sunday. I was delighted to either hear or read a good sermon. But I heard, or read it, more with the feelings of a critic than of an humble follower of the lowly Jesus, desiring the sincere milk of the word. And so, whenever the preacher

expatiated upon the beauties of virtue, though I received pleasure from his discourse, yet I had none of the consciousness that virtue was to be followed because God had commanded it; but because it seemed to be a necessary element in society; and, perhaps, because its votary reciprocally recommended himself to society, by its pursuit. I recollect, in particular, that Dr. Chalmers's sermons afforded me great satisfaction. But the beautiful imagery in them, as well as his elegant diction, probably pleased me quite as much as the truths he inculcated.

“ Things went on in this way, for nearly a year, when at the close of this time, I began to feel myself strongly tempted by the evil one, though, at the time, I did not attribute it to this unseen spirit. Probably, it is better to say, (to use the language I would have then used,) I was uneasy, discontented, looked at things awry, extracted more of the bitter than the sweet from the things and circumstances around me; or, in other words, was extremely miserable. I could experience no joy from the things of earth, and of the joys of heaven, I knew nothing.

“But thanks to a good and righteous God, he was pleased to let me into this state, to show me that all my hopes of happiness from earthly things were vain. I was in the act of throwing myself on the settee, when I carelessly took up the Bible, which happened to be lying near me. The first chapter I opened at, was the 1st Epistle general of Peter, chapter 1st. But how shall I describe my feelings, the moment I cast my eyes upon its pages! My heart was melted into deep contrition. I felt the love of God shed abroad in my whole being. I was convinced that I had the Holy Spirit at work within me. I was affected to tears at his goodness. I wept like a child. I felt that I had been a sinner. My ingratitude came like a flood upon me. I was overcome with gratitude for his mercy. It completely possessed my whole being. I rejoiced in the thought, that though I had been a wanderer from him, yet he was a good and kind Saviour, and was ready to forgive me all the injuries I had done him. I could indeed say, with deep conviction, as I read the passage which presented itself to me: ‘Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus

Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, from the dead.' Indeed, this whole chapter seemed to be perfectly adapted to my state. I recollect, in particular, the eighth verse was singularly pleasing to me. 'Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.'

"Another remarkable circumstance connected with this display of divine goodness, was, the wonderful acuteness of intellect I felt myself to have, in reading the word of God. And not only could I perceive things in the gospel that I never saw before, but I felt my whole character changed. I felt not only a strong love to God, but to every body around me. I could have wept upon the bosom of my bitterest enemy. Oh! the joys of that moment! But, alas! how vain and impotent are the attempts of man, unless the Holy Spirit of God remains with him. I recollect very well, that I thought I would go and see the minister, and tell him what had passed. But not acting up to the sug-

gestion immediately, I neglected it, and soon again, sad to say, I had relapsed into my former forgetfulness of the Lord. The fear of the ridicule of the world had been too strong for my faith, and I felt, too, that I could not yet give up the world, and declare myself on the Lord's side. But still he would not let me go. He would not give me up. I was removed shortly afterwards to another station, and here I can see the all gracious design of Providence in this change. I was by this means thrown into the society of several pious officers. One in particular, whom I valued very highly, and who, the very evening he conversed with me upon the goodness of God, in twice leading him back from signal relapses into sin, was seized with the fever, that in five days carried him to his grave, was in particular of great service to me, under the divine blessing, in confirming me in my resolves to renounce the world, and cleave unto the Lord; and so indeed were all the others. Suffice it to say, that not many months after I came among them, I openly proclaimed myself on the Lord's side, and sealed the covenant by partaking of the emblems of his

body and blood. And it is an additional source of happiness for me to state, that it was not long after, that the partner of my bosom also renounced the world, and joined me in the race set before us in the gospel.

“The foregoing narrative, I have thought would be of some interest to you. But if it serves no other purpose than to show you how good the Lord has been to me, it will answer its end.”

SOME ACCOUNT OF
LIEUTENANT COL. ALEXANDER
R. THOMPSON,
OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

BY THE REV. JOHN KNOX, D. D., NEW YORK.

ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON was a native of New York, and a son of Captain Alexander Thompson, an officer who served with honour and reputation in the army of the revolution; and subsequently died, in the service of the United States, at West Point, in 1809.

The circumstances of his birth were favourable to the formation of a taste for military life; and his juvenile sports had all a bearing on the particular duties of that profession. He was ever fearless, enterprising and adventurous; and was often in imminent peril.

At an early age he entered the military academy at West Point, and at the age of

seventeen, upon the breaking out of the war of 1812, he received a lieutenant's commission, and joined the army at the North. Subsequently, he passed through various successive grades of promotion in rank. His life was one of action; and into every scene, he brought a high-souled sense of honour, a spirit of devotion to his duty, and an energy, that dispensed benefit to his country, and won reputation to himself.

At the siege of Plattsburgh, he, in command of an hundred men, gallantly defended a pass which the British troops endeavoured to force. When the army was reorganized on the peace establishment, in 1815, he was retained in service; and every post where he was stationed, from the outlet of Lake Superior to the borders of the Sabine, and even to the fatal Hammocks of Florida, bore witness to the devotion, enterprise and energy of this faithful servant of his country. In the autumn of 1836, COL. THOMPSON and his troops joined the army in Florida; where he continued to partake of the perils and hardships of the disastrous conflict raging there, until the 25th of Dec. 1837, when he fell,

in battle with the Indians, at Okee-cho-bee

The particulars of this closing scene of his life are sufficiently told in the official despatch of Col. Taylor, his commanding officer.

“It is due to his rank and talents, as well as to his long and important services, that I particularly mention LIEUT. COL. THOMPSON of the 6th Infantry, who fell in the discharge of his duty at the head of his regiment. He was in feeble health, brought on by exposure to this climate during last summer, refusing to leave the country while his regiment continued in it. Although he received two balls from the fire of the enemy, early in the action, which wounded him severely, yet he appeared to disregard them, and continued to give his orders with the same coolness that he would have done, had his regiment been under review, or on any other parade duty. Advancing, he received a third ball, which at once deprived him of life. His last words were—*‘Keep steady, men—Charge the hammock—Remember the regiment to which you belong.’*

“I had known COL. THOMPSON person

ally, only for a short time, and the more I knew of him, the more I wished to know, and had his life been spared, our acquaintance, no doubt, would have ripened into the closest friendship. Under such circumstances, there are but few, if any other than his bereaved wife, mother and sisters, who more deeply and sincerely lament his loss, or who will longer cherish his memory, than myself.”

Another officer who was present at the fatal scene, thus describes it—“The 6th regiment was gallantly led on by COL. THOMPSON. They sustained the whole fire of the Indians for some time, before the 4th and 1st could come to their support. COLONEL THOMPSON had that morning in a short and pithy address to his regiment, prepared them for the scenes of that day. He led them firmly on, and even after he had received two rifle balls in his breast, he still maintained that firm and decided manner so peculiar to him. A third ball, at once deprived him of life.”

I can hardly conceive of a higher effort of heroic daring, than is here described. Before the din and excitement of battle had begun, firmly, at the head of his regi-

ment, and they in advance of the other troops, to march through a deep morass, facing a savage and unpitying foe, prepared, and waiting to give them a deadly reception !

Thus fell this gallant and heroic man, honoured and lamented of all. His escutcheon without a tarnish—clear and bright.

He fell, it is true, in battle. And what disciple of the Prince of peace does not long for the day when men “shall learn war no more?” But, if defensive war is allowable ; and the genius of our government is not aggressive—if the forerunner of our Lord directed the soldiers of his day respecting their duty, and required not of them to renounce their profession—if our Lord himself commended the faith of a Roman centurion, and rebuked not his calling—I dare not say that the profession of arms is one which every Christian is called to abjure.

In COL. THOMPSON’S character there was a rare combination of excellence. The duties of the various relations of life were by him filled up with singular fidelity and felicity. As a son and a husband, he was tender and devoted. As a brother and a

friend, he was greatly endeared. His mind was well balanced, and his integrity undeviating. Enjoying the confidence of his superiors in rank, he had the respect of all. He was a man of most amiable disposition. He sought the welfare and the happiness of all around him. The very spirit of kindness dwelt within him. Mild and gentle, yet weighing matters fully, he was firm and decided. When conscience and duty urged, he never feared responsibility ; but, moved promptly forward.

But, the crowning excellence of all, and that of which it best becomes me here to speak, was, that he was a man of God—a Christian—decided—devoted—consistent, and exemplary. Having long manifested a deep concern for the moral improvement of the men under his command, established schools both for the young and for the soldiers, and in various ways endeavoured to lead them to a profitable improvement of their leisure time, and lent his influence to the promotion of Sabbath schools, and kindred efforts to do good ; during the early part of 1834, he was on furlough in the city of New York, at a time when considerable attention to religion existed. He

was then constant and unwearied, and earnest in his attendance upon the means of grace. His mind was meditative and solemn. The Spirit of God was at work in his soul; and after consideration, prayer, conference and counsel, having given his heart to God, his name in March, 1834, was enrolled among the professed disciples of Christ. His deep humility, his self-renunciation, his love to the Saviour, and his overpowering sense of gratitude to God, manifested on that occasion, cannot easily be forgotten. Having performed this act, he retired to his home, and there, with her to whom he now felt himself bound by a new tie, on bended knees, poured out his heart in thanksgiving to God, who had preserved him in so many dangers, and had not cut him off while a stranger to his grace; and implored help from on high to enable him to walk worthy of the profession he had made.

And, from that day till the day of his death, his life abounded with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to the praise of the glory of his grace. His religion was living, active, and controlling. Indeed, my hearers, were I to spread out

before you his example, it might well rebuke many of us, great as are our privileges; and might serve us as a model. He loved his Church, her ordinances, her order, her members, and her ministry. His letters breathe throughout the spirit of piety, trust in God, and a deep and subdued resignation, and submission to his will. "I neither fear the climate," said he, "nor the savage, for my trust is on high." "I make little calculation, leaving all things to God."

"I feel a confidence in the God in whom I trust; and do not believe that he will forsake me, in the time of trouble, or of danger, for he is the God of battle."

"I shall strive to pursue the course of a Christian and a soldier, and leave the result to Him who controls all our destinies."

His habits were strictly devotional. "I often leave the camp for the forest sanctuary, that I may worship God without interruption, and offer up my morning prayers." When at home, he was never known to omit family worship—and he was constantly in the habit of retirement for private meditation and prayer on the Sabbath,

when not able to attend public worship. A minister of the gospel never visited his family, without being invited to offer a prayer before he left the house, when the servants also were called in to join the devotional exercise. Often, and earnestly did he ask the prayers of God's people in this communion.

He was a man of true Christian benevolence—exerting his best skill and endeavours, not only for the comfort, but for the moral and spiritual well-being of all around him. When stationed at posts where no opportunity of public worship was enjoyed, the command was invited to assemble, usually in the hospital, on the Sabbath, when religious exercises were performed, the Scriptures and a well selected sermon read, accompanied with suitable remarks.

His standing duties on the morning of the Sabbath, were to visit the hospital, the sick in quarters, and the married families of the enlisted men, and dispense instruction and admonition, place little books and tracts in the hands of the children, and recommend to them the Sunday school. Many a time did he kneel by the pallet of

the sick and dying soldier, and commend his precious soul to heaven's mercy. An exact disciplinarian, he nevertheless won the hearts of his men. He was in all respects, the soldier's friend, and a model to those whom God has placed in stations of influence. Often has he taken with him his wife and half a dozen men off duty, with a supply of Bibles, tracts and little books, and penetrated the lonely wilderness, and visited every hamlet, and left the messages of life, with words suited to a work so blessed. He combined the Missionary with the soldier. His sentiments were these, "the force and example of a commanding officer are great with his men, and we have in all mildness and care, used this advantage to do the most good in our humble walk, and thus far we have great cause for thankfulness."

Whilst stationed at Newport, Kentucky, opposite to Cincinnati, his command was taken over the river, regularly on the Sabbath, to attend divine worship. One of the soldiers, a man of education and intelligence, became a sincere Christian, and joined the Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, under the pastoral charge of the Rev

Dr. Wilson. He avowed his first impressions to have been awakened by the uniformly consistent and exemplary deportment of his commander, whom he had watched narrowly—at first, that he might find something to censure.

In a recent letter he remarks, “I feel a greater desire at present to remain in the army, as I am impressed that with my rank, character and example, I may be the humble instrument of doing some good to my fellow man, in the station of the destitute, and private soldier.” Again, “I am surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of war, but the display of command presents but few attractions to me, except the conscientious discharge of my duty, for I am sensible that I prefer the humble and peaceful habits of the Christian, to all the noise and bustle of the man of the world—and can pray for those happy days, when war shall cease from the earth, and when men shall dwell together as brethren.” O! soul of chivalry as he was, he had aspirings higher far, than for mere military renown. He sought for glory, honour and immortality—eternal life in the heavens; and the love of Christ constrained him.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

THOUGH I should be somewhat charged with repetition, I cannot omit the opportunity, before bringing this volume to a close, of calling the attention of the reader to the repeated illustrations that have occurred of the fact—that a great moral revolution is produced on the minds of men by the gospel of Christ, and such as we find effected by no other means.

Philosophers, in prosecuting any subject of investigation, are naturally anxious to collect facts, and the more extraordinary these are, they usually excite the greater interest. Now, facts are as necessary in the philosophy of mind as of matter. Here, then, is a fact established by numerous most unexceptionable witnesses, whose depositions have been stated in the preceding pages. It is not easy to conceive a more complete change, a more perfect transformation of character, than the transition from the sentiments, the feelings, the habits, the tastes, and desires of a gay

young officer, to those of a humble disciple of Jesus Christ ; and yet repeated instances of such a change have been brought before us. Let every reflecting reader then consider how these are to be accounted for. If the effect is admitted, it must have a cause ; and in order to be satisfied that we have found the right cause, two things are necessary. First, that it is one which is acknowledged to exist in the case in question ; and, secondly, that it is capable of accounting for the effect produced.

Every one knows, that the most common way of accounting for this effect, when the reality of the change cannot be denied, is to ascribe it to enthusiasm. But this is only a particular way of drawing a veil over a man's ignorance ; while it shows his desire, without openly avowing a disregard of sacred things, quietly to dismiss the subject from the mind. It is one of those general terms which it is convenient to use, when a man wishes to be saved the necessity of forming or expressing some definite idea.

In the first place, as this change is found in minds of every variety of temperament, it is quite gratuitous to suppose, that in

every case it exists at all. But, farther, admitting it did, it will not account for the change produced. Enthusiasm may account for some temporary impression, but it will not account for a complete change in the whole current of the soul, and that remaining steady for years, nay, continuing till the man who has experienced it, closes his eyes in death. Could we, with any tolerable semblance of truth, ascribe the change on the apostle Paul, from being a cruel and bloody persecutor, to his becoming a preacher of the faith he endeavoured to destroy, to such a cause? Would not every principle of sound reason revolt at such a conclusion? Should we not be introducing a cause most manifestly incapable of accounting for the effect? And yet some of the changes described in the preceding pages, are of a similar kind to that produced on Saul of Tarsus, when on the road to Damascus he fell before that Jesus whom, at that very moment, he was furiously persecuting.

If the facts here stated, then, cannot be denied, and if the principle of enthusiasm cannot account for them, we ask, How are they to be explained? All who ad-

mit the facts, are equally interested in this inquiry. To this question, then, the Bible alone gives a satisfactory answer. This book promises two things. First, to bring peace to the troubled conscience under a sense of guilt; and, secondly, to produce that blessed change in the sentiments, feelings, and desires of the mind, which enables a man to derive his enjoyment from new sources; a change so extensive, as to be described by a new creation—by old things having passed away, and all things having become new. The first of these effects, then, it produces, by leading a man, under a sense of guilt, when he can find peace to his mind no where else, to the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin—to rest his hopes on the atonement that was made for the guilty by the death of the Divine Redeemer. His peace thus rests on a revealed fact, which, if admitted to be true, is manifestly quite able to sustain it. The second effect it produces by the power of the Spirit of God applying Divine truth to the conscience, and through this channel renewing the mind, subduing the love of sin in the soul, and leading a man to derive his

supreme happiness from conformity to the image and will of God. What this book promises, then, we have seen in various instances it has accomplished. The facts of the case completely tally with its statements. We have the testimony of sober and reflecting men, who can conduct the business of life as well as others, declaring deliberately, that they were strangers to solid happiness till they found it in the gospel of Christ; while their subsequent conduct showed what a mighty moral revolution was produced by the belief of the gospel on their whole character. In proportion, then, to the impossibility of explaining these facts on any other principle, are we called to ascribe them to the only cause capable of accounting for them—the almighty agency of the Spirit of the living God.

I am aware, that the charge of enthusiasm is particularly brought against the doctrine of the influence of the Spirit of God on the mind; and I readily admit, that very unguarded language has been used, and unscriptural sentiments, in which there was real enthusiasm, have been held on this subject. But let us carefully dis-

tinguish these from the scriptural account of this doctrine. We hold, that the operation of the Spirit of God on the mind, is a fact simply stated in the Bible. Of the mode of that operation we know nothing, because nothing is revealed. But to question the fact, because the mode of this operation is not revealed, would be unreasonable in the extreme. How many facts do we find in nature, and on which we reason without hesitation when they are fairly established, though there are many things connected with them which we cannot explain. The only question then is, Is it true that this fact is revealed? It thus becomes simply a question of criticism. And here I ask, If the Almighty really designed to make known to us such a fact as the operation of the Divine Spirit on the human mind, could he have done it in clearer language? If not, then it follows that this is a fact which could not be revealed; in short, we cannot admit it, because we have previously determined it is one we cannot receive. Is this bowing to the revelation given us, or is it not impiously dictating what that revelation should be?

A revelation clearly implies the idea of our previous ignorance of what is revealed. As nothing in the Divine administration is done in vain, it is this alone that makes it necessary. If we acknowledge, then, the existence of a revelation; to admit at once what it clearly contains, is, I hold, the true philosophy of the case. Nothing appears more obviously inconsistent with every rule of sound thinking and correct reasoning, than to acknowledge that the Almighty hath communicated his will to us; and yet, to suppose that we are entitled to sit in judgment on what it is proper for him to reveal.

There are two classes, besides the genuine disciples of Christ, into whose hands this volume may come. First, those who in general profess to admit the Divine authority of the Bible, while, at the same time, they join with others in placing to the score of enthusiasm such a change, as has in various instances been described. This is surely very inconsistent. Such a professed admission of the authority of revelation must, with such persons, be merely the effect of education, without their having ever seriously examined the sub-

ject. If they did, they would find that, while enthusiasm was quite incapable of accounting for existing facts, they are fully accounted for by what the word of God clearly reveals; and, therefore, that every principle of consistency requires us to take that explanation of them which it contains.

Secondly; there are others who may cast their eyes over these pages, who, if not avowed infidels, do not even profess to have formed any opinion on the subject. Notwithstanding the obvious and infinitely important nature of the inquiry, whether the Almighty has revealed his will to us, and if so, what that revelation contains, it is much to be feared, that the language which Dr. Johnson applied to Foote the comedian, is too applicable to many. When Mr. Boswell asked him, if Foote was not an infidel, he replied, "Foote was an infidel, sir, as a dog is an infidel; he never thought on the subject." I have before adverted to the great importance—especially in the present day, when infidel sentiments are so often to be met with—of young men, not only in the army, but in the various walks of life, making them-

selves acquainted with the general evidence in support of the Divine authority of revelation. But, I would here submit it to the consideration of the reader, if such facts as have been brought forward in this volume, do not form a valuable element, in their own place, of this very evidence. Here is an effect produced, and which is established on the most unquestionable testimony. But, while in vain we attempt to explain it in any other way, we find it in Scripture ascribed to a cause quite capable of accounting for it, while it is traced to the operation of the Spirit of the living God. While such an effect, then, from its own character, very distinctly marks the finger of God, does it not tend to confirm the Divine authority of that book, in which alone we find it satisfactorily explained?

It may not, perhaps, occur to some who may object to these statements, that, by this very conduct, they are in one way confirming the truth of those Scriptures, the authority of which they may be disposed at least to question. Such conduct is just fulfilling such a declaration as the following: "The natural man receiveth

not the things of the Spirit of God : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned :” so true is the delineation of the state of the human mind which this book contains.*

Does the old and common objection here occur to any of my readers : “ I must wait, then, for this spiritual discernment, and if it is not imparted to me, I cannot

* This part of the argument forcibly reminds me of an anecdote told of the late Mr. Wilberforce. On one occasion, when a parliamentary friend called upon him, he was found reading his Bible. He began to rally him for taking up his time with that old musty book, remarking, that we saw the course of nature going on as usual, and that there was no reason to expect that those future events the Bible spoke of would ever take place. Mr. W. replied, “ It is sufficiently singular, that what you have been saying, is just the accomplishment of what I have been reading.” Then turning to 2 Pet. iii. 3, 4, he thus read : “ Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming ? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.” The coincidence powerfully struck at the time the gentleman to whom the remark was made, though I never heard that any permanent effect was produced.

help it; I am not to blame." The Scriptures, on one occasion, speak of those who are willingly ignorant; and we may safely say, that none urge this plea but such as are so. It is a mere apology for continued hostility or indifference. Let such as are disposed to bring forward this objection, reflect that though difficulties on this subject may be stated, which it is impossible from the present limited nature of our faculties to solve, this is an objection which no man finds will give any satisfaction to his own mind. A man may silence an opponent by an argument, which he is perfectly conscious does not satisfy himself. All feel, that while we are addressed in Scripture as rational and accountable beings, if we either neglect to inquire whether God hath revealed his will, or to attend to it if made known, we are considered personally guilty; and while this is the plain language of the word of God, every man's own conscience supports the charge. I shall here only mention two texts of Scripture, which will leave every man at last without excuse. Jesus saith, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." And again,

“If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!” The invitation of the first is without limit. And does any man plead the force of temptation, or his own weakness and inability to do the will of God? If he do not perseveringly apply for the promised aid contained in the second, will he not at last be left speechless, and incapable of pleading any apology?

Perhaps the case may be put in a popular form, thus:—While every one must be conscious of a propensity to evil, there are two states of mind in reference to it. We may either deliberately indulge and cherish this propensity; or, we may lament it, endeavour to resist it, and feel a most sincere desire to have it subdued. Now, no one will deny that the former state of mind is criminal. Every man feels this, and that it justly deserves condemnation. On the other hand, if we truly desire to have every sinful propensity subdued, we come under that description of character given by our Lord, when he says, “If any man will do his,” [God’s] “will, he

shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Such a man will be led at once to plead the fulfilment of the promise, that the Father will give the Holy Spirit to those that ask him; and such as perseveringly do this, we are assured shall not do so in vain. Does not this clearly leave those without excuse who deliberately indulge in evil, while so gracious a promise is treated with neglect? But, without pursuing these observations further, I would refer the reader to a volume entitled "The Test of Truth," by the late Mary Jane Graham, and which is edited by the well-known and valuable author of the Commentary on the 119th Psalm, the Rev. Charles Bridges. In this volume, the ample encouragement to every serious inquirer from the last mentioned text, is stated with much cogency and success.

Before bringing these remarks to a close, I must call the attention of the reader to another important lesson, taught by those examples of the power of Divine grace that have been brought before him. It will be observed, that in several of the cases here recorded, the individuals had enjoyed in early life the blessing of a reli-

gious education; and though the impression produced by it seemed for a season to have been in a great measure obliterated, it was afterwards revived, and the most valuable effects were produced. Indeed, these are only a few specimens out of many, in which early religious instruction has been found, if not entirely to prevent young people from going astray, at least to keep them somewhat in check, by creating secret compunctions, at every recollection of the instruction and example they received under a pious father's roof, while these recollections also have often contributed their share in a subsequent conversion from sin to God. The late Rev. John Newton, so well known for his singular history, and his valuable theological writings, was a signal example of this. Amidst all his sinfulness and folly, he never forgot the instructions of his pious mother. Referring to this, he observes, in his "Authentic Narrative:" "I think, for the encouragement of pious parents to go on in the good way of doing their part faithfully to form their children's minds, I may properly propose myself as an instance. Though, in the process of time, I sinned

away all the advantages of these early impressions; yet they were, for a great while, a restraint upon me; they returned again and again, and it was very long before I could wholly shake them off; and when the Lord, at length, opened my eyes, I found a great benefit from the recollection of them. Further, my dear mother, besides the pains she took with me, often recommended me with many prayers and tears to God; and, I doubt not, but I reap the fruits of these prayers to this hour.”

I could name another valuable Christian friend, who, like him, spent much of his early life at sea, who derived a similar benefit from the same source, the early instructions of a pious mother.* Surely,

* In referring to this friend, I take the opportunity of introducing here one observation made by him, and which, though not immediately connected with this subject, I consider particular worthy of notice. It is this, that there is great reason to suspect that there is much deception in the vain boasting, which some make, that they are not afraid to die. At one time, when in India, he was taken dangerously ill, and thought he was dying; but, as he plumed himself on firmness of mind, and superiority to the fear

such cases present a powerful encouragement to professing Christian parents, to be

of death, when his friends called upon him he appeared quite easy and composed. So much was this the case, that he is confident if he had died, at that time, he would have died *game*, as it is called; and, from what I know of his natural strength of mind, I have no doubt he would have done so. At the same time, he now confesses, that amidst all this appearance of coolness and firmness, he was torn with inward anguish.

When one such *game character* survives, and by being brought to adopt principles which render him not ashamed to acknowledge the fear of death, discloses a secret which he formerly so successfully concealed, is there not reason to conclude that he only describes what passes in many a mind, in which, from mistaken pride, the existence of a feeling certainly so natural, is denied. Dr. Johnson said to Mr. Boswell, in his own rough way, when the latter remarked that he was informed that Mr. Hume was not afraid of death, that he must have lied if he said so, as even on his own principles he, at least, lost all that he had.

To profess a superiority to the fear of death, so far from deserving the name of courage, or any other expressive of admiration, is inconsistent with every principle of our rational nature. The most consummate infidel cannot fail to recollect, in his reflecting moments, if he has such, that there is a material difference between doubting whether there is a God

very faithful and assiduous in the religious instruction of their children. These in-

and a future state of existence, and being certain that there is neither. The latter no man can be. That power, be it what it may, which brought him into existence, certainly can continue that existence. He cannot deny that, it may be, there is a God, and it may be that God is a being who will punish the violation of his law in a future state; and the very possibility of this, associated with the conviction that every man must feel of personal guilt, in having acted in opposition to what he himself knew to be duty incumbent on him, is enough to appal the stoutest heart. This shows the admirable adaptation of the gospel to the state and character of man. It alone furnishes us with principles, which, under the most enlarged view of the purity of the Divine character and the extent of human demerit, brings to the mind well-grounded peace.

Some time ago, I had a striking illustration of this last remark, in a conversation I had with an infidel on his sick bed. He told me that, when he was taken ill, he thought he would rely on the general mercy of God; that as he never had done any thing very bad, he hoped all would be well. "But as my weakness increased," he added, "I began to think, Is not God a just being as well as merciful? Now, what reason have I to think he will treat me with mercy, and not with justice? and if I am treated with justice," he said, with much emotion, "where am I?" I showed him that this was the very difficulty the

structions, though, for a season, they may seem to have been lost, may bring forth fruit to the glory of God, and the eternal benefit of the subjects of them, when the tongue that communicated them is silent in the grave.

But, while I thus advert to the importance of early religious instruction, I must add what is essentially necessary to give efficacy to such instruction, a consistent example. Could we trace the history of mind in its various early and unseen operations, it might be found that, in many instances, the weight of parental authority was first shaken by some inconsistency in a parent's conduct. A child is, in the first instance, naturally led to look to its parent for direction and instruction in every thing.

gospel met and removed, as it showed how mercy could be exercised in perfect consistency with the strictest demands of justice, while it was bestowed through the atonement made by Jesus Christ. After explaining this doctrine, and pressing it on his attention and acceptance, one of the last things he said to me, before leaving him, was, "Well, I believe it must come to this. I confess I here see a solid footing to rest on, which, on my former principles, I could never find."

This is very happily expressed by a valuable writer of the present day. "To feel a sorrow," says he, "and to communicate that sorrow to a father's ear; to experience a want, and to bring that want to be relieved by a father's hand, are, to a simple child, simultaneous movements of the heart. It knows itself only in connexion with its father; it has no experience of pain or pleasure that does not fall back upon him; it looks up to him for explanation of every difficulty, flees to him in every danger, rests on him with quiet confidence in his power to protect, and, folded in his arms, can look round with a steady eye upon a threatening world."*

Now, in order that parental authority may be maintained, and turned to a useful account, the feeling ought to be, as much as possible, fostered in the mind of a child, that his father is capable of directing and instructing him, that he can teach him what is right and what is wrong. But, suppose the child to discover in his father some great inconsistency with his own instructions or admonitions, from that mo-

* "The Spiritual Life," by the Rev. T. Griffith.

ment his reverence for his father's authority will be weakened; and, could we trace the minute and unseen connexion between causes and effects, it might be discovered, that all the subsequent aberrations of that child from the path of duty, which perhaps ended in his ruin, arose from this very cause. If he too, afterwards, became the father of a family, the evil habits and principles thus originated may be found transmitted to future generations. Who then can calculate the extent of that aggregate of human misery and guilt that may arise from a single case of parental inconsistency? It is fearful to contemplate such a progression of evil, or the possible extent of its range in the subsequent history of our race.

Look, on the other hand, for a moment, at the opposite side of the picture. Some years ago, a fine illustration incidentally appeared of the delightful effect produced by the consistency of a father's character on the mind of his own son, and in a way which was to him, at the time, altogether unknown. It is as follows:—It is well known to be the custom in many of the independent churches, when one is ordain-

ed to the pastoral charge, that he gives some account of his views of the leading doctrines of Divine truth, and of the motives by which he is influenced in engaging in the ministry ; and this is frequently accompanied with a detail of some of the leading circumstances of his previous history, especially of the means by which his attention had been directed to the salvation revealed in the gospel. It was on this occasion the candidate for ordination, to whom I refer, noticed that at one period of his life, he had nearly been betrayed into the principles of infidelity. But, when assailed by some infidel reasonings, he added, "There was one argument in favour of revealed religion, the force of which I could never overcome—the consistent Christian conduct of my own father." This, it would appear, he had been marking with silent attention, and what he beheld had been made, through the blessing of God, the instrument of preserving him from that fatal abyss into which he was in so much danger of falling.

I was not informed, if his father was present on the occasion ; but, if he was, I shall not attempt to describe the feelings

of overwhelming gratitude and sacred joy that must have thrilled in his bosom at hearing, perhaps for the first time, such a declaration. What Christian parent would not be disposed to envy such a character; who would not feel it his highest happiness and honour, were he the instrument of producing a similar impression on the minds of his children? I am sure I need add no more on this part of the subject. This anecdote presents, in a much more impressive manner than I could do in any other way, the high importance of parents enforcing upon their children the instructions they give them, by a life carefully regulated by the precepts they enjoin.

But, is it proper to confine our remarks to the importance of consistency in parents, or to look merely at the effect of the presence, or the absence of it in them? Let every reader, who professes to believe that a day of reckoning is approaching, remember that there is no such thing as a character perfectly neutral. "He that is not with me," says our Lord Jesus Christ, "is against me." Every man is silently, by his influence and example, doing either good or evil to those around him. If his

principles are avowedly bad, while he blushes not to declare them, but acts in consistency with them, he is a moral pestilence. If, again, he is one who professes good principles, but violates them in practice, he will be in danger of creating or strengthening the prejudices of those around him against such principles, while they find them professed by one who acts so inconsistently. Or, if the principles themselves are manifestly too excellent to suffer by such an inconsistent professor, his character, at least, cannot fail to present a pernicious example ; as his profession will be considered mere hypocrisy, from its want of influence upon his conduct. If, on the other hand, while professing the faith of the gospel, he exhibits its daily influence on the general tenor of his temper, conversation, and conduct ; such a man is an inestimable blessing to the community in which he is placed ; and it is only a future day that will disclose the extent of the benefit that is conferred on the world by such an example. What watchfulness, then, what holy circumspection should these considerations constantly inspire !







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